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Established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with few exceptions. It is the only paper printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

COMPLETE POPULATION OF RHODE ISLAND

We have just received from the Director of the Census, Samuel L. Rogers, a complete and official report of the population of Rhode Island for 1920. These figures have been published before by some of the papers of the State, but were not accurate. The entire population of Rhode Island is 604,397 as compared with 642,609 in 1910 and 428,556 in 1900. The complete returns for Newport County are 42,633 as compared with 39,335 in 1910 and 32,699 in 1900. The population of Newport is given as 30,255. It was 27,149 in 1910 and 22,441 in 1900. The population by wards is: Ward 1 3408; Ward 2 10345; Ward 3 8990; Ward 4 5242; Ward 5 6302. The Second ward is double that of any other ward in the city. The other towns in the County are given a population as follows: Jamestown 1633, a gain over 1910 and 1900; Little Compton 1339; Middletown 2094, both towns showing a gain for each decennial period; New Shoreham 1038, showing a loss of 276 from 1910; Portsmouth 2590, showing a loss of 91 over 1910; and Tiverton 3894, which is 138 less than in 1910. In addition to the above the other towns throughout the State that show a loss in population are Charlestown, Hopkinton, Narragansett, North Kingstown, Richmond, Cumberland, Foster, Glocester; Scituate; Coventry, East Greenwich, and West Greenwich. The latter town is the smallest town in the State, having but 367 persons. Ten years ago it had 481, twenty years ago it had 609. Going back one hundred years to 1820 we find this town credited with 1927 people. At the rate of decrease long before another hundred years this town bids fair to be a barren desert. The cities of the State all show fair, sized gains in population, though we doubt very much if they are credited with all the people they are entitled to. Providence is given 237,595, Pawtucket 64,248, Woonsocket 43,496, Newport 30,255; Cranston 29,407; Central Falls 24,174.

NEW WAR COLLEGE CLASS

Following the graduation of a class of officers from the Naval War College last month, a new class has been assembled and will take the two years' course at this institution. There are thirty members of the new class, all of whom have reported at the War College. This includes twenty-six naval officers, two marine officers, one army officer, and one officer of the Coast Guard. There are four new members of the staff at the War College—Admiral Charles P. Plunket, Captain C. S. Lincoln, Commander L. W. Townsend, and Colonel Ben H. Fuller, U. S. Marine Corps. Admiral Plunket succeeds Rear Admiral Ashley H. Robertson as chief of staff.

The wreck of a schooner which has obstructed the lower harbor for some months has been blown up this week by a contractor employed by the Government. This was a schooner which was accidentally wrecked by a submarine which came up directly under the sailing vessel some months ago. The schooner was then brought into the harbor and perfunctory efforts were made to salvage her, but the owner was re-imbursed by the Government for his loss.

Colonel Harold A. Peckham, formerly of the firm of Landers & Peckham, which was recently sold, has entered the employ of Gillespie, Meads & Co., at their Newport branch on Bellevue avenue.

THE CITY ELECTION

The city election, for choice of Mayor, board of aldermen, representative council and school committee, takes place next Tuesday, December 7, and considerable local interest is felt in the result. Although hitherto the campaign has been very quiet, the last few days give promise of being a whirlwind. All of the candidates for Mayor have meetings planned, in which the issues of the campaign will be set forth and some interesting remarks are expected.

There are three candidates for Mayor in the field, all running independently, as the charter provides for no party designation on the ballot. Mayor Jeremiah I. Mahoney is a candidate for re-election to succeed himself and is opposed by Mr. John Mahan, who is making his first venture in a Mayoralty contest, and by Dr. David E. Flynn who has run for this office several times before. In a triangular contest, almost anything is liable to happen, but as the women are the distinctly unknown quantity all the candidates are making efforts to secure the support of these new voters. It is probable that the total vote cast will be very large.

The aldermanic contest also holds interest. Alderman James W. Thompson, from the Second ward, is the only member of the present board who is sure of re-election, there being no nomination against him. In the First ward Alderman Hanley is opposed by Harry G. Christian and Louis Schaefer; in the Third, Alderman Hughes by Frederick P. Lee, in the Fourth Alderman Williams by Alexander MacLellan and Harry J. Bennett and in the Fifth Alderman Martin by Robert R. Munro. The women's vote will have rather less influence in this contest than in that for Mayor, because there are comparatively few women taxpayers, and those persons who are not taxpayers cannot vote for aldermen and councilmen.

For school committee there are five candidates for the four places to be filled—John P. Sullivan, William R. Hurvey, and John J. Conron, who are candidates for re-election, and C. LeRoy Grinnell and Mrs. Charlotte A. Noyes, new candidates. For representative council there are sufficient candidates to insure competition in each ward, there being 15 in the First, 20 in the Second, 21 in the Third, 17 in the Fourth, and 26 in the Fifth. Some of the veteran members who have sat in the council for years, declined to stand for re-election this year and the city will be the poorer for the lack of their experienced services.

There are also wardens and clerks to be elected at this time, but there is no opposition, the Republicans nominating in the first three wards, and the Democrats in the Fourth and Fifth.

NEWPORT COUNTY DOG CLUB

The Newport County Dog Club has been organized in response to efforts of many local dog fanciers who felt that there should be some local organization of this kind. Interest in dog breeding was materially stimulated by the recent dog show at the Newport County Fair, and steps were taken shortly afterward to form the Newport County Dog Club, which now starts off with a good membership. The officers are as follows:

President—Carl T. Voigt.
First Vice President—Philip S. Wilbur.
Second Vice President—H. P. Beck.
Third Vice President—Mrs. George W. Sullivan.
Fourth Vice President—William Allen.
Treasurer—Albert R. Openshaw.
Secretary—J. Davies.
Financial Secretary—Mrs. J. Dawley.
Publicity Officer—Wm. D. Doyle.
Executive Committee—William D. Doyle, Mrs. John Rufford, Jr., Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Davoli, John Savage.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, there was some discussion of the curtailment of trolley service on the Bath road line, which goes into effect next Sunday. There was some uncertainty as to the power of the board to compel the operation of cars on a specified schedule and the matter was referred to the transportation committee of the board, to proceed as they might see fit, taking the matter to the Public Utilities Commission if necessary.

A large amount of routine business was disposed of, and bids were opened for bicycles for the police department, the contract being awarded to T. G. Riley for six Iver Johnson bicycles at \$53.90 each.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Clarke have moved into their new home on Red Cross avenue.

WAR MEMORIAL DISCUSSED

There was a joint meeting of the Newport War Memorial committee and the allied committee from the seven veteran organizations in the Council Chamber of the City Hall on Monday evening, when there was a full discussion of the two subjects—the War Memorial and permanent quarters for the veteran organizations. Mayor Mahoney presided and Mrs. William S. Sims explained the steps that had been taken toward securing Miantonomi Hill and the erection of a handsome tower thereon as a memorial to the heroes of the World War. Architect Sturges of Boston explained the plans for the tower and beautifying the park.

The plans pleased the representatives of the veteran organizations, but several called attention to the necessity of having a permanent home for all the allied organizations, speaking of the fact that the rent of the Grand Army Post had recently been raised and that that organization was in a predicament that might well confront any of the younger organizations some years hence.

Both matters were thoroughly discussed, and various places suitable for the veterans were mentioned, including the Old City Hall, which is now occupied on a lease. It was the sense of the Memorial committee that the Memorial should be completed first and that that committee would then lend its aid to the veterans in procuring a suitable permanent home.

DAMAGED BY FIRE

The old Swinburne house on Bliss Mine Road at the edge of Green End Pond, now owned and occupied by Mrs. William R. Hunter, was badly damaged by fire Tuesday forenoon, only the prompt efforts of the Newport fire department saving it from complete destruction. Much damage was done by fire, smoke and water, and the necessary chopping to trace out the extent of the flames through the partitions. The cause of the fire was a defective flue which had allowed flames to communicate with adjoining walls.

The property is located a short distance over the line in Middletown, and a telephone call was sent to Newport for help when the fire was discovered. A still alarm was struck and Combinations 1 and 5 and Pumper 4 were sent to the scene under the command of Deputy Chief Lawton. They had a hard fight of about an hour before the flames were extinguished, and some water had to be used from a hydrant fortunately located near.

Mrs. Hunter bought the house a few years ago, and had renovated and improved it very extensively. Preparations had been made to close it for the winter, and much of the furnishings were already packed away.

TABBUTT INQUEST HELD

Coroner Vernon B. Anderson held an inquest on Wednesday into the death of Leon A. Tabbutt of New Shoreham, who died at the Newport Hospital following the amputation of a leg as the result of a gunshot wound. Thomas B. Fielder, who boarded with Allen W. Littlefield who is alleged to have shot Tabbutt, was a witness at the inquest and was placed under bond to appear at the trial. Deputy Sheriff Andrew V. Willis of New Shoreham was also present.

The case against Littlefield will probably be laid before the grand jury which convenes in this city next Monday.

Chief Tobin and two assistants had a wild chase out into Tiverton late Saturday night, following a Ford car which had been stolen by two sailors. When the stolen car was overtaken the sailors attempted to escape, but the Newport officers leaped from one moving car to the other and followed the sailors in their jump to the roadside. Chief Tobin then forced the still racing car without occupants into the ditch. Then the sailors were brought back to Newport and held to await the action of the grand jury.

The Rogers High School football team clinched the championship of the State on Saturday last when they defeated the strong Woonsocket High School eleven on the home grounds in Woonsocket before an immense crowd of people. A large number went up from Newport to see the most crucial game of the season, and consistently cheered the plucky and successful fight of the Rogers warriors.

It is said that the reconstructed Rogers High School will be ready for occupancy after the Christmas holidays. Teachers and pupils are hoping that this will prove true, but there is still much work to be done.

CHANGES IN PHONE NUMBERS

Manager Walter A. Wright of the local office of the Providence Telephone Company announces radical changes in the numbers of local subscribers when the new telephone directory is issued next month. These changes are not made for the purpose of annoying subscribers, but in order to allow a greater number of stations to be established without installing a complete new switchboard. This installation would be almost impossible to accomplish in the present condition of shortage of telephone supplies and would be a vastly expensive undertaking if it could be done. As would-be subscribers are clamoring for installation of service, the local office found it necessary to re-arrange the wiring in the present switchboard to conform to the established practice in the larger cities. This necessitates a radical change in the method of numbering the stations, a letter being used after the number on the party lines, so that there will be a great many changes from the numbers at present held by subscribers.

Manager Wright said a few days ago that he was amazed at the way in which the demand for new installations now continues through the winter. A few years ago it was customary for the force engaged on new installations to be rushed during the late spring and early summer, on account of the demand for service by summer residents and transient business establishments, but after that they had little to do during the fall and winter. Lately they have been kept busy at this work throughout the year, feeling only a little more than the average rush for summer business.

THOMAS S. LANE

Mr. Thomas S. Lane died at the Newport Hospital last Saturday, where he had been under treatment for several weeks, following an attempt to end his life by cutting blood vessels. At first his recovery was hoped for, but afterward his condition became more serious and death followed.

Mr. Lane was well known in Newport, where he was engaged in the liquor business for many years. At the time of the "dry zone" order of Secretary Daniels, he conducted a large saloon in the Gas Company building on Thames street. When his business was closed he left the city for a time, but returned here this fall and had purchased an interest in a bowling establishment, to which he had planned to devote his time. His suicide was probably due to mental trouble.

Mr. Lane was a member of Newport Lodge of Elks and was unmarried. He is survived by a sister who lives in Providence.

REPUBLICAN CITY COMMITTEE

The Republican City Committee organized for the year on Wednesday evening, several new offices being created because of the increase in membership of the committee. The membership has been doubled to allow a representation of women equal to that of the men. The committee now numbers 60 instead of 25.

The new officers are as follows: Chairman—William G. Landers. Vice Chairman—Mrs. Archie Stark. Secretary—Sydney D. Harvey. Treasurer—Herbert Bliss. Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Florence R. Peckham. Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. Harold P. Arnold.

The ward organizing will be as follows:

First Ward—Fletcher W. Lawton, chairman; Mrs. Grace Varr, vice chairman; T. E. Sherman, secretary.

Second Ward—George W. Ritchie, chairman; Mrs. James W. Thompson, vice chairman; Miss Harriet Speers, secretary.

Third Ward—Herbert Bliss, chairman; Mrs. Sarah King, vice chairman; F. P. King, secretary.

Fourth Ward—John Henry Reuter, chairman; Mrs. Archie Stark, vice chairman; Fred A. Watson, secretary.

Fifth Ward—John Mahan, chairman; Miss Grace McLeish, vice chairman; Miss Grace Ross, secretary.

The annual communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., will be held on Monday evening, December 20. This Lodge was founded in 1749 and is now one hundred and seventy-one years old. It is one of the very oldest lodges in the United States.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Goldsmith have removed to New York where Dr. Goldsmith will continue the practice of dentistry. He has been located in Newport for some four years.

Rev. Harold Stearns Capron of Bangor, Maine, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the United Congregational Church and will come to Newport early in January.

LAWTON-WARREN POST

The annual meeting of Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5, G. A. R., was held on Wednesday evening, with a comparatively small attendance, due largely to the inclement weather. The membership of the Post has shrunk very materially during the past few years, as many of the active members have been called to their last resting place. At the annual meeting on Wednesday, Messrs. J. I. Greene and George B. Smith were appointed to represent the Post on the joint committee which has under consideration the establishment of permanent quarters for all the veteran organizations. During the past year the members of the Women's Relief Corps connected with the Post, have contributed \$250 to the work of the Post, a check for \$100 being turned over at the annual meeting.

The new officers of the Post are as follows:

Commander—William S. Bailey. Senior Vice Commander—William G. Slocum. Junior Vice Commander—Frank P. Gomes. Quartermaster—Jesse I. Greene. Surgeon—Robert Cradle. Chaplain—John B. Mason. Patriotic Instructor—George B. Smith.

Officer of the Day—Edwin H. Tilley. Officer of the Guard—John B. Sullivan.

Delegates to National Encampment—First delegate, George B. Smith; second delegate, Robert Cradle; third delegate, Edwin H. Tilley. Alternates—First, David D. Peabody; second, Benjamin Dawley; third, Zacheus Chase.

VISIT NAVAL STATION

Congressman W. W. Luffkin of Massachusetts, a member of the House Naval Committee, and Congressman Clark Burdick of Newport, paid a visit of inspection to the Naval Training Station on Thursday for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of conditions and learning how much money would be required to properly operate and maintain the great plant here. They were received with full honors by Captain Dismukes and shown every part of the Station, both on Coddington Point and on Coasters Harbor, Island. Congressman Luffkin expressed himself as greatly pleased with the local institution, but could see that a great deal more money would be required to make the necessary repairs and improvements that have been impossible to accomplish because of the inadequate appropriations of the past few years. He expressed a hope that the whole naval committee might come to Newport during the Christmas holidays and look over the plant as thoroughly as he has done.

In the evening the Newport Chamber of Commerce entertained the two Congressmen, Captain Dismukes and a few other officers at dinner in the Miantonomi Club, where the situation was talked over at great length. It is apparent that efforts will be made to have the Newport station restored to its former important place in the naval programme.

The bazaar for the benefit of the Teachers' Retirement Fund in Masonic Hall this week has drawn large crowds and promises to add a very considerable sum to the fund. All the teachers and many of the pupils, as well as a great number of persons outside the schools, have aided to make the bazaar, a success and their endeavors have borne fruit. The attendance has been beyond all expectations and it has proved a rather difficult matter, at times to accommodate the crowds.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city next Monday. There are a number of civil cases assigned for trial at this session, and also a number of cases to be laid before the grand jury.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Miss Eloise Peckham of Wellesley College spent the Thanksgiving holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham.

Mr. Royles B. Steere, State Master of the Shales Island Grange and Mrs. Steere, and Mr. John Morris, Colorado State Master, and Mrs. Morris, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham.

Mrs. Harold V. Peckham and her son visited relatives in New Bedford last week.

Miss Elizabeth Chase died Wednesday, November 24, at the old Chase home on the West Main Road. Miss Chase was the second daughter of the late James and Sarah C. Chase and was born and lived her entire life in the old homestead. She was a semi-invalid ever since she was a young woman and never married. She was a member of Holy Cross Church and is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Deborah Carr of Providence, and Mrs. Ruth Peckham of Middletown, and a brother, Town Clerk Albert J. Chase, with whom she lived.

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Miss Ida L. Peckham of the Peter Brent Hospital was home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

A meeting of the program committee of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., was held at the home of Miss Evelyn Chase on Friday.

Miss Elizabeth A. Peckham returned Monday to Tiverton, after spending the week end with her mother, Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham.

Three Paradies Reading Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Robert W. Smith. Mrs. Howard G. Peckham was in charge of the program, the subject of which was the "Poems by Women Writers." Margaret E. Sanger, Lucy Larum and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mr. William S. Slocum has returned from Brooklyn, where he was visiting his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Slocum. He celebrated his 81st birthday on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Charles P. Smith, who recently underwent an operation on his eye at the Newport Hospital, is comfortable and recovering slowly. He will again have the sight of his eye after being totally blind for two months.

A corporation meeting of St. Mary's parish was held on Wednesday evening at the rectory.

Beginning Friday evening, Rev. Everett P. Smith will hold a service at St. Mary's Church on Friday evenings during Advent.

Mrs. David Peabody, who recently sustained a fall which confined her to her bed, is resting comfortably. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Peabody are caring for her.

Mrs. King is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Albion.

An entertainment will be given in the town hall Friday evening by 15 boys from the Training Station under the auspices of the P. M. Club. A special feature will be the well known and popular Tony Augustus. The proceeds will be used to buy Christmas dinners for many families.

Mrs. George E. Ward, formerly of Middletown and now of Brookline, Mass., is guest of Mrs. Edward J. Peckham.

Miss Jenn Barclay spent Thursday of last week in Ridgefield, Conn., with her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bartlett of Providence, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Menzi.

Mr. Isaac Hicks of Westport Point was in town yesterday.

The auction of farm stock held on the farm of Mr. Ray DeBois was well attended and things sold at a very good price.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Mrs. Katherine M. Cooper spent last week with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Newland and family, in New Bedford.

The funeral of Miss Annie T. Manchester was held at St. Paul's Church, the rector, Rev. Charles J. Harriman, conducting the service. Miss Louise Chase sang "Asleep in Jesus," and the choir sang in closing "Abide with Me." The bearers were Henry Manchester, Grover Douglass, Frank C. Cory and Charles Sewall. Among the many beautiful flowers was a large basket of pink and white roses tied with pink ribbon. The interment was in St. Paul's cemetery.

Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held another sale Wednesday. Mrs. D. Frank Hall sold preserves, cake and white bread, and Mrs. Albert Hall and Mrs. Clarence Brown sold fancy articles. Mrs. Hall was also selling shares on a knitted carriage robe.

The announcement is made of the marriage of Margaret Barclay to Captain Angus Maclean in Bath Hotel Scotland, on November 4. Mrs. Maclean is well known here, having lived for several years in Portsmouth at Glen farm, where her husband, the late William Barclay, was superintendent.

Miss Dorothy Wheeler of Newport has been guest for a few days of Mrs. Eugene Hoyer.

The Quaker Hill School gave to the War Relief fund for Christmas for the poor children \$17.50 and the McCarrick School \$4.50.

Mr. Harold A. Sherman of New London has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Sherman, on Glen street.

The Helping Hand Society met Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Albert E. Sherman on Childs street.

Mrs. Roderick MacLeod, with her two daughters, has gone to New York for the winter. She was accompanied by Miss Katherine Boyd, who will also remain for the winter.

St. Paul's Guild held its annual Christmas sale at the parish house Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Mr. Joseph Souza, who was operated on at the Newport Hospital recently, is reported as resting comfortably at his home.

Miss Ruth Peckham and Master Billy Peckham, children of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Peckham, who have been quarantined with scarlet fever, are much improved. Mrs. Peckham, who has also been under the care of a physician, is much better.

Miss Kate L. Duffee of Newtown spent the day Monday with her sister, Mrs. William W. Anthony.



The DARK MIRROR

by Louis Joseph Vance
Author of "The False Faces,"
"The Lone Wolf," Etc.
Illustrated by
Irvin Myers
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VI. RECALLED.

Somewhere a tiny bell began to ring. At first no more than a ghostly echo in the dimensionless and silent vast which lay between intelligence and body, that shrill small voice gained strength of its very perseverance, became a thin thread of importunate sound, calling, calling without pause or pity, till it fairly ground its character into that indefinitely dissociate mentality; a telephone was ringing.

The body resting on the bed in that darkened chamber stirred uneasily and lunged out a hand of ineffective protest. The noise persisted relentlessly. The somnambulist started up on an elbow, made as if to rise, sank back again with a sigh of relief when the ringing was suddenly interrupted.

She lay with open eyes, unawakened, in a confusion of divided consciousness aware of the snug darkness of that room so intimately her own, of the rain clashing outside the window, of the wan light streaming in from the street, of the blank, moonlike face of the little clock upon the dressing table; and at the same time living feverishly in that distant place where two wills were contending, striving each to impose upon the other its conception of what was right, fair, just, and inevitable.

It was as if her mind were a photographic plate upon which two scenes had been developed: one wherein her common self of everyday was resting securely at home, one in which that wild other self of her dreams disputed hotly with the man she loved, in surroundings strange to both selves till that hour.

Of the two scenes, the stranger was the stronger; all her interest was centered therein, and all other things were negligible beside the issue of that struggle, since that issue must be (this she knew the passionate certainty) nothing less than life or death, life with love or death with shame.

And she was racked with the imperative need of making Leonora understand that Mario was right, that no good could come of standing out against him, that nothing but good could come of yielding to his insistence, the fruit of his great love and greater wisdom. Perceptive of her wildly environment was warning swiftly; with all her strength she was willing herself back to Leonora.

The telephone began again to gibber, in short, strident bursts of sound demanding her heed.

She faltered, hesitated, looked back. In bitter resentment, she understood she could go no further, accomplish nothing, till that insensate thing had been silenced.

In sleep-waking, the girl roused with measured movements that cost her incalculable effort, sat up on the side of the bed, drew the telephone to her. It continued to chatter angrily till the receiver was actually at her ear and she had said: "Hello?"

Out of the enigma of night Philip Fosdick's voice cried: "Priscilla!"

She answered without emotion: "Yes, Philip."

"Did I wake you up? Sorry! I had to. Listen to me, Priscilla! I've seen Leonora! I saw her in the street, followed her for blocks, lost her when she entered a tenement; and now I'm on the watch, waiting for her to come out. I had to be sure you were at home—safe—so I called up from a pay station. Are you all right?"

"Yes, Philip."

"Are you quite awake? You don't seem to understand. I tell you, I have seen Leonora—the girl you dream about—a living woman so like you I couldn't at first believe it wasn't you in disguise!"

"Yes, Philip."

"So now you needn't worry any more. I'm on the right track at last. The problem will be solved in no time, once I clap my eyes on that girl again."

"Yes, Philip."

"Priscilla! Can't you say anything else? Is anything the matter?"

"No, Philip." She pursued in the same level accents, speaking slowly, as if with difficulty finding words: "I am quite all right. I am safe with Mario now. Mario will take good care of me. Good-night."

Without waiting for his reply, she hung up the receiver replaced the telephone on the bedside stand, sighed, and again stretched out upon the bed.

Immediately deep sleep enfolded her senses like a warm cloud of darkness, and her soul fared forth once more on its far quest.

Excellent! Mario let her head back to the cushion, rose, put the glass aside, returned. "You feel better, stronger, eh?"

She nodded, but her smile was still bewildered.

"What happened, Mario? I felt so funny, all of a sudden, just when the telephone began to ring; and then . . . I don't seem to remember."

"Don't you know you fainted?"

"Fainted!" She started indignantly. "But I never in my life! Why should I faint? I'm all right."

In proof of this assertion she sank weakly back.

"You are overwrought," Mario drew up a chair and sat down. "For days you have been living at high nervous tension, never knowing what fatality the next hour might bring forth. Tonight, against your wish and judgment, you came out to meet a man you fear and loathe—braving the peril of arrest as well as the brutality of this storm. Your clothing is wet through, you are shivering. You suffered a shock at meeting me by chance. Then we quarreled . . ."

"He hit your hands to his lips, one after the other. 'The sum of such physical, nervous and emotional stress was too much, Leonora; you fainted without a sign of warning. I caught you barely in time.'"

"I suppose I must've. If you say so, Mario . . . But I don't understand. I remember our rowing—"

"Think of that no more," Mario pleaded and, at the same time, insisted. "You and I must never quarrel. There can be no excuse for misunderstanding when our hearts are one." She nodded meekly. "Tell me one thing only," he pursued. Her eyes promised. "Who is Philip?"

"Philip?" Her look was completely blank. "I don't know any Philip . . ."

"You are sure?" Intense search of her face satisfied him. "Strange! In your faint you spoke that name, as if you were talking in your sleep; you said distinctly: 'Yes, Philip; and again: 'No, Philip . . . I am safe with Mario now.'"

"I don't know." She drew a hand over perplexed brows. "And yet . . . it's funny . . . like an echo, what you say I said."

"No matter." With decision the Spaniard dismissed the puzzle, took her hands in a firm grasp and held her eyes with a gaze earnest and commanding. "For the present forget all that, forget everything but that we are united now and forever. Nothing—nothing, Leonora—can come between us now. We cannot permit it, we will not. Love such as ours is not to be denied or paltered with upon any conceivable consideration. As I am wholly yours, so you must henceforth be mine; and to us all the rest must be such stuff as dreams are made of. You understand that, Leonora? I have your promise?"

Never since childhood had she so surrendered to domination. But now . . . She knew a strange, dear joy in submitting. She bowed her head, then lifted it to show him adoring eyes.

"Yes, Mario . . ."

"So that is settled!"

Mario got up and strode into the bathroom. Water began to gush loudly into the tub. He brought back a light, warm robe of fleecy stuff.

"You are cold and wet; a hot bath will make you another woman. Then put this on. Meanwhile, I will find dry clothing for you, and a cab. Tonight you sleep upstairs; the best and quietest hotel in the city will be the safest. In the morning I will call for you; we will go to get the license for our marriage. By noon you will be my wife. By nightfall we will be far from New York."

They kissed. Mario lifted her to her feet.

"The door latches of itself. If anyone knocks, pay no attention. I shall be back in a few minutes, and have my key."

In a staring daze, utterly an unthinking puppet of love and gratitude, she saw him go. The sense of his personality lingered, precious and compelling; she did not feel alone.

She moved slowly toward the bathroom, unconscious fingers loosening her sodden blouse. Finding the tub nearly full, she shut off the taps. Only with the silence that followed did appreciation of her solitude come home.

Till then, in her wonder and delight, she had accepted without question the easy explanation that Inez had lost her way upon the roofs and brought her to the wrong house.

Even so: Red must be hidden somewhere in the same block of tenements. Suppose he were to learn where she was now . . . Suppose Inez had not blundered, but deliberately and with malicious intent had led her to Mario, then had gone to tell Red . . .

Intuition linked the poles of fact and surmise, completing the circuit of conviction. Instantaneously Leonora perceived with hideous clearness that Inez had planned this in revenge for the long series of defeats she had suffered in their rivalry; something for which Inez alone had been in the first instance responsible. It was Inez who had made Charlie hit the pipe too often, thus clearing the way for this supreme trick of treachery. This made it plain why Inez had not followed to the door to Mario's flat, but had elbowed back to the roof and shut the

trapdoor. Now Leonora no longer guessed; she knew Inez had gone straightway to tell that Leonora, refusing to answer his call, had taken refuge with Mario instead.

Beyond shadow of reasonable doubt, Red was even now on his way to make good his threats.

What if he were lurking in the hallways of the house, or in the dark of



"Where's That O-n Wop?"

the street outside the door? And Mario going unsuspectingly to his death?

Perhaps it was not yet too late to secure a warning down the stairs . . .

Madly Leonora ran to the door, tore with trembling fingers at the latch and threw it open—to find Red standing on the threshold, a shape of ghastly menace, his slender, feline body poised alertly, an automatic pistol in the hand at his right hip, an evil snarl twisting his cruel lips, murder in eyes whose glance shot directly past the girl to the room beyond.

Before she could lift a hand the man darted in, caught her arm and sent her reeling to the middle of the room and kicked the door to behind him.

She staggered against the table and caught hold of it to save herself a fall. Carnehan was at her side before any sound could issue from lips which his hard palm sealed brutally. His pistol nuzzled her bosom.

"One peep out of you—" he rasped. Cunning eyes raked the room suspiciously. "Where's that d-n wop?"

VIII. CARNEHAN.

She tried to speak, but a dry mouth and a constricted throat refused their office. She could only shake her head, in dumb fright with piteous eyes.

With a grunt of impatience the gangster released her, flung across the room in two cat-like bounds, stopping to peer in through the doors to bedroom and bathroom and satisfy himself that Mario was skulking in neither.

He came back at a slow govt, with staring menace in his eyes and a worthless grin. "Where is he?" He seized her arm in a grasp intentionally savage. "Why'n't you answer me?"

Pain unwept pale lips on which her whisper rustled: "I don't know—"

"That's a lie!"

Her wrist suffered a more violent wrench. She cried out in protest: "Please, Red! I don't know—honest! I don't know where he's gone. He went out just a minute ago—"

"What?"

"He—he said he'd get me some dry things to put on. Mine's all soaked."

"Well"—a grimace made the man's face terrible—"then he'll be back before long. I'll wait—thanks!"

"For God's sake, Red—!"

"Ah, shut your trap!" He cast her arm free violently and stood back. "So you thought you could gyp Red Carnehan and get away with it! You little fool!"

She attempted no reply. The first spasm of consternation passing, the faculty of concentrated thought returned. She entertained not the faintest hope of escaping her fate at the hands of Red Carnehan. Whether she lived or died, she conceived, didn't matter. But it was otherwise with Mario. Him she must save somehow, by some heroic exercise of wit and spirit . . .

Yet in the beginning she cast about in vain for ruse or wile that might serve. Alone, defenseless, in the company of a man armed and determined, murder in heart and mind; a man insane with jealousy and hatred, alike bred of sheer fear, the fear of the assassin living moment by moment in the shadow of arrest; what could she do against such odds?

She could think of nothing, positively nothing; and yet, she knew, there must be some way out. If only she could find it . . .

She knew herself to be clever, far cleverer than Red—as she had once boasted to his face. Her wits had yet to fail her, however extreme or exigent the occasion. Give her time to think and she could circumvent him. But now that one essential element, time, was lacking. Impossible to guess how soon Mario might return. And then there was Red's impatience to be reckoned with . . .

Her look of a trapped animal faded; in its stead her face reflected concentration of thought amounting almost to abstraction. She seemed to consider Carnehan out of a fathomless composure, as she might one factor in an engineering problem in whose solution she was vitally interested.

This change in her annoyed the man intolerably. Not only was any semblance of indifference offensive, but he had learned to distrust the girl's moments of thoughtfulness. If his intelligence was not of a high order, he

bad at least cunning, with acumen enough to feel and fear the fiercest of her mentality. Instinctively he sought an outlet for his exasperation in a burst of lurid blasphemy.

"Why'n't you say something?" he concluded, gesticulating wildly with the pistol. "What you standin' there for, dumb's a cat. Why'n't you try to come clean by lyin'?"

She responded quietly: "What's the use? Even if I told you the truth it wouldn't do any good. You've made up your mind—"

"You said it. I'm wise, and I've got you where I want you. If you think you can put anything over on me now—well, try it. That's all; try it. I wish you would."

She shrugged wearily, then inquired in tone of moderate curiosity: "Where's Inez waiting for you?"

"How d'you know?" He was obviously posed. "What's Inez got to do—?"

"You know well enough it was her that told you I was here."

"Well . . . What if she did?"

"Nothing—only she brought me here first."

"Like h—t—"

"Yes"—the girl ignored the interruption—"I didn't even know where he lived, no more'n I knew where to look for you. So Inez framed me, just to put me in bad with you."

"Ah, tell it to Sweeney."

"Ask Charlie, if you don't believe me—ask him after he comes to at Sing Ho's tomorrow. He'll tell you he promised to meet me there tonight and bring me to you. But when I got there Charlie was dead to the world. Inez said she'd show me the way to where you and Leo was lying up; and when I said all right, she brought me here, left me at the door and blow. And then . . . What could I do? I don't know where to find you and I was cold and wet and tired."

Her statement carried conviction. Against his wish the man believed her; and because it was against his wish he was the more irritated and chose to deny his belief. His glare was ugly.

"So that's the stall, is it?"

"You ask Charlie. He'll tell you the truth—you needn't look to get it out of Inez—only he'll tell you too late."

"What do you mean, too late?"

"Too late to stop you making a d-n fool of yourself."

"How's that? How'm I goin' to make a d-n fool out of myself?"

"I don't know yet; but I hope you don't think I'm such a flat as to think you've come here tonight just for a friendly talk."

"You're dead right there!" His laugh rang with brutal scorn. "I'll say I didn't come for no friendly talk with him and you."

"Well . . . What did you come for?"

She confronted him with sullen, yet fearless eyes. His own shifted. He had little stomach for plain speech. The instinct of his kind was strong in him, to kill, if he could, what he feared. But to declare his purpose openly in anticipation, to discuss it in cold blood with an intended victim, was more than he had bargained for. Inarticulately resentful of such squeamishness in himself, he looked furtively aside, flicking his lips, and discovered the decanter of Madeira which Mario had left unstoppered on the table, after opening it for Leonora.

Carnehan brimmed an ordinary drinking glass with the wine and drank it in one long draught, grateful for its pungent warmth, deluded by its mellow smoothness.

Now, Madeira may not wisely be taken on top of rye whiskey. Conscious of reinforced bravado, the man leaned against the table, his back to it, leaning triumphantly.

"What did I come for? Oh, I dunno. What d'you think?"

"You've threatened me often enough, if you ever caught me with him again . . ."

He nodded in a heavy humor. "You got that right, kid. No girl of mine can pass me up for any stool pigeon or dick that ever lived—"

"He isn't."

"And get away with it. You wait—you'll see!"

She shut her eyes. In spite of herself she shuddered. He laughed with gratification, and her eyes reopened of a sudden, passionately unafraid, seeking first the pistol in his hand, then his face.

"You're going to . . . kill me, Red?"

"I'll say I am."

In spite of his shamed smirk, he meant it in deadly earnestness. She had another shudder, but fought it down without releasing his gaze.

After a minute she said: "Very well; I'm ready, only—"

He interrupted: "You're worse'n ready; you're in a helluva hurry. His turn comes first, yours next. Get me?"

"But"—she implored his credulity with clasped hands extended—"I tell you, you're wrong about him, Red. He hasn't got anything to do with the cops—honest to God, he hasn't!"

The Madeira was working powerfully. A flash of unwonted insight visited his sodden intelligence. "You wouldn't be beginnin' for that pill if you wasn't stuck on him. And that's enough. Bull or no bull, he ain't goin' to live to say he stole Red Carnehan's girl!"

"You're wrong, Red—you're all wrong," she protested wildly. "And anyhow, what good'll it do you? Don't you know you're just playing Inez's game?"

"G'wan. Inez ain't nothin' to me."

"I know she isn't, and she knows it, too, and that's why. Don't you see? You turned her down for me and she's been crazy jealous ever since. Now she gets even with us both—gets me out of the way right off the bat and sends you to the chair for it. My God, Red! You don't trust that hell-cat, do you? Don't you know she's only waiting to fix things safe for Leo before she squeals on you?"

"Ah, forget it!" That, together with more profanity, silenced her. "Let me and Inez alone. Maybe I did pass her up for you; but that's a long time ago and she's forgot all about it by now. She don't think of nobody

but Leo."

"If you believe that you're as big a boob as she thinks."

"My God—but you're as big a boob as you think." Carnehan emptied the decanter into the glass and swilled it at a gulp. "Most anybody I'm strong for can fool me once, but not even you can fool me twice."

"Inez has."

"Ah, sure! You'd say so . . ."

But there was an accent of doubt in his jeering retort and in the look he gave the girl as well. Far gone in befuddlement, he was unsure of himself, unsure of anything within the scope of his perceptions, and uneasy. What if Leonora were telling the truth about Inez? Inez whom he secretly despised, Leonora who was worth a score of Inez's sort . . .

"How do you mean she's fooled, Inez twice?" he demanded thickly.

"First, when she made you think I cared anything about anybody but you, Red." The girl inched nearer, playing to perfection a part upon which her life depended—her life and Mario's. "She was the one told you about Mario—told you, told you I was seeing him often—a man I hardly knew, hadn't spoken to a dozen times in all my life. Why, Red, before tonight I never have seen that man anywhere but in the street, and then only to pass the time of day! But you'd take anybody's word instead of mine, you'll believe anybody except the girl that loves you!"

Her hands came lightly to rest upon his forearms. He gave them no welcome but made no move to repulse them. The uncertainty in his eyes was giving way to another emotion, one which the girl knew too well. She moved still closer, and one hand stole slowly up to his shoulder.

"What you be fair to me, Red? You know you're everything to me. But what's the use to you that you've got to let her come between us and spoil everything? We were so happy before you listened to her lies . . . Please, Red, please!"

There was an instant's pause, vibrant with the passion of her purpose and his doubts. But that very moment of indecision told her she was winning—had already won.

Her arm moved round his neck, drawing his head down. He resisted



Her Arm Wound Around His Neck, Drawing His Head Down.

stubbornly, but of a sudden yielded. With a low cry he crushed her to him. The hard stubble of his beard, unshaven for three days, rasped her sensitive skin. The reek of his breath was sickening as he sought the fragrance of her mouth. But she steeled herself, repressed her shudder of repulsion, let him have his way, even mustered a show of response that contented him. For if her flesh craved, her heart sang; she had won. He had dropped his pistol; it lay unheeded on the table beside them. She nestled more closely into his embrace, breathing broken terms of endearment in answer to his half-coherent words. The movement brought her nearer the table and the pistol, almost between it and Carnehan. He did not seem to notice. She debated, the next move, trying to scheme some way to free a hand without exciting his suspicions, so that she might grope behind her until her fingers found the weapon . . .

What sound it was that startled him, whether a footfall on the stairs or a door banging on one of the lower floors, she never knew. But the man lifted his head sharply, listening, and his embrace relaxed.

He muttered: "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything, Red . . ."

With no more warning she thrust him vigorously from her. Altogether taken by surprise, he stumbled backward, grasping at the air, his face a tragicomic mask of maudlin stupefaction, until the wall behind him brought him up. At the same time understanding smote him like a thunderbolt. He pulled himself together and started for her, but ducked smartly and again fell back on finding himself under the threat of his own pistol.

But the reaction was involuntary, dictated by instinct more than by conscious fear. Drink and rage had put him well beyond the influence of that emotion. He could not grasp the possibility of her carrying out that threat implicit in her attitude. He knew only that he had been tricked and must be revenged.

For a little neither spoke nor moved. The girl was motionless, tense, her eyes dark with settled purpose in a face abnormally pale with excitement. The man stood in a semi-crouching pose, swaying slightly from side to side; shoulders bowed, head thrust forward, murder glimmering in bloodshot eyes. A dull growling issued from his half-open lips. Abruptly, making nothing of the pistol, he charged head-long.

She had not dreamed he would dare. The pistol exploded in a warning hand, and its shot went wide; but its fire scorched the face of the heart and added the pang of physical pain necessary to make his madness blind lust to kill.

His body crashed into hers with terrific force. Both reeled back against the table. Ponderous as it was, this last swung out of place. The lamp toppled, rolled upon its side, and went over the edge with a noise of splintering glass.

The girl, borne bodily back across the table, lay kicking and struggling while Carnehan's hands closed round her slender throat. Somehow she had lost hold of the pistol. Her ineffective fingers tore at wrists of steel.

A gust of hot air rose round her head. She saw Red's face stiffly illuminated by a bluish glare. The glass reservoir of the lamp had broken, and the oil, spreading upon the rug, had caught fire of the flickering wick. She redoubled her efforts, but the pressure upon her windpipe was cruel beyond description, her brain was reeling, so was all the world. Darkness was fast closing in upon her like a black fog.

Then something happened, something miraculous intervened. Too dazed to comprehend, at first conscious only of the freedom of her throat, she was caught up and carried swiftly away.

Set upon her feet, she found herself in the hall, at the head of the stairs, Mario supporting her with an arm. To his anxious inquiry, she returned a ghastly smile and a feeble shake of her head.

"What happened?" she creaked in a voice she did not know as her own. "I returned—thank God!—in time!"

"But Red—?"

"Knocked senseless—back there—"

Through the open doorway she caught a glimpse of a room that seemed a well of raging flames, violet, orange and green. Then Mario picked her up again and started downstairs.

On the first landing she heard him shouting the alarm of fire. She struggled, and he put her down, but held her hand and dragged her with him as they plunged down flight after flight.

Before they had accomplished half of that descent, the house was buzzing like a hive of enraged bees. On the lowermost landing they had fairly to fight their way through the crowd of panic-stricken tenants swarming out of their cells.

A motorcab was waiting at the curb. Mario hustled her into the vehicle,



Mario Hustled Her Into the Vehicle.

followed, and slammed the door. Evidently the driver was already instructed; he made off without delay. Leonora collapsed, sobbing weakly, upon the bosom of Mario.

IX. AT MIDNIGHT.

And sobbing as though her heart must break, the girl Priscilla came back to herself in the ordered and luxurious security of that quiet home on Park avenue.

But it was some time before her bemused wits were able to grasp the singular circumstances that attended this return, or this awakening—whenever it was. She had been recalled too suddenly, too harshly, from that weird realm of her life in dreams to the sane world of her waking existence. At first she found nothing strange in the fact that she, who had lost consciousness in darkness, quiet and solitude, should regain it in a confusing glare of light, see the intent, anxious countenance of Philip Fosdick, bending over her, as he sat on the edge of the bed, holding her by the shoulders, and hear the bleating of her Aunt Esther, who stood beside Philip, kneading together vague and futile hands.

But the sob ceased when the oddness of it all at length struck home, and Priscilla sat up, shaking off Philip's hands and instinctively drawing her negligee together over her night-dress.

"Why, Philip!" she stammered. "And Aunt Esther! Is anything the matter?"

"I fancy you can tell us that," Philip suggested mildly with a sympathetic smile.

"I'm sure I don't understand in the least!" This was Aunt Esther. "It seems very peculiar, I must say. Doctor Fosdick called a few minutes ago and insisted on seeing you. He said he had telephoned you some time ago, and you answered him so peculiarly, he wanted to make sure you were all right. So I brought him up—"

"I think you understand, 'Cilla," Philip interposed in a guarded manner.

"And we found you writhing and moaning in your sleep—and do what

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BUTTONS FROM OUR RIVERS

Pearl Mussel Fisheries Are a Flourishing and Very Interesting Industry.

It should be remembered that in addition to their food value fishes are necessary in our rivers if we are to perpetuate the pearl button industry of the country, which employs some twenty thousand people and yields a product valued at more than \$5,000,000.

When the young mussels, which are of microscopic size, are thrown off from the broad pouches of their parents at the proper season, the larval mussels slowly drift to the bottom and perish in a few days' time unless they come in contact with a passing fish of suitable kind and succeed in making attachment. Once this attachment is made, the tissue of the fish grows over the little mussel, until it has undergone a remarkable change of form and structure; then it drops from the fish to commence its independent life at the bottom of the stream or lake.

It is a further fact that the young of particular kinds of mussels require the gills of particular kinds of fishes as nurseries. The black bass is host for several sorts of mussels, while the haddock, a kind of herring, is the only known host for the best of all mussels. As this last mentioned fish is far from being abundant in American rivers, it is plain that much care should be exercised in its maintenance.

The mussel fishery that supplies the fresh water pearl button industry is actively conducted in at least twenty states in the Mississippi river basin. The raw production of shells now has a value of about \$1,000,000. The fresh water pearl button is now recognized as among the cheapest durable buttons that can be produced. The mussel beds have been rapidly depleted, chiefly because the fishermen in past years would retain only the very best shells and discard as culls all shells that were of an inferior grade.

Necessary action in the way of government legislation to protect the mussel fisheries has been so long delayed that this unique and rather important industry is now in danger of extinction. Considerable difficulty in perpetuating itself.—Floyd W. Parsons, in the Saturday Evening Post.

WHERE BOARD IS NOW CHEAP

Girls in the Mission Schools in China Pay Only \$18 Year for Their Meals.

It is refreshing in these days of high prices to learn that somewhere it is possible to get one's daily bread and its accompaniments at a low figure. The place is China—Tengchow, in the province of Shantung. There, in the mission school, a girl may have three meals a day for \$18 a year.

The menu sounds strange to the school girl of the western world, but to the Chinese student it is highly satisfactory. Steamed corn bread and raw turnips that have been kept in brine and then chopped quite fine compose the regulation breakfast almost all the year. For dinner there is usually millet cooked dry like rice, and some hot vegetable. Twice a week the vegetable is cooked with fat pork instead of in bean oil as usual. Supper is the same as breakfast. Perhaps half a dozen times a year, however, they celebrate with more luxurious fare.—Christian Science Monitor.

Make Four Speeches for One.

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only 25 per cent of the after-dinner speeches he actually makes. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak I really make four addresses. First, is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second, is the speech I really make. Third, is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all; and fourth, is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."—Boston Globe.

Taking After Mother.

Bert just came home from college and he had a "shadow" on his upper lip. He stopped to say "Hello" to his grandfather.

His grandfather looked him over and said: "Whar, son, you look more like your mother every day."

"What makes you think so?" asked Bert.

"Why, because your father had a mustache that came down to his chin. Just look at that one of yours; you must take after your mother."—Indianapolis News.

Not Like a Lawyer.

Mirandy, of dusky hue, made a poor witness. In answer to every question put to her by the attorney she invariably replied, "I think so." The attorney finally became disgusted.

"Now look here," he warned. "I want you to cut out that thinking and answer questions. Now talk!"

"Yes, sah," quavered Mirandy.

"But, mistah, you see it's like dis. Ah ain't like you lawyers; ah can't talk without thinkin'."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE DARK MIRROR

Continued from Page 2
we could it seemed impossible to make you up!"

"I see," said Priscilla—"I understand. I'm sorry to have worried you so."

She tried to smile reassuringly for Philip's sake, but the attempt was not altogether a success. Her memories were too vivid, too moving, the pain in her heart too new and keen. Her lips quivered, her wide hazel eyes once more brimmed with tears.

Priscilla looked aside to Mrs. Trowbridge. "Priscilla's in a highly nervous state," he explained with the authority of the physician. "But I've been studying her for some time and have the case, I think, well in hand. If you don't mind telephoning my office that I can't get there within an hour or two, I think I can quiet her so that she'll sleep naturally for the rest of the night."

But he knew very well that the office telephone would not be answered, and that it would take Aunt Esther at least ten minutes to find that out.

When they were alone he turned again to Priscilla.

"You must tell me your dream, 'Chia dear—let me help you all I can."

In the stress of her emotion, quite thoughtlessly, acting wholly upon an impulse, of gratitude and affection, she insisted in a broken whisper—"no-body can. They've escaped. Philip—she and Mario have—they love each other and are going to be married and . . . Oh, it's so impossible, so mad, so silly of me! But I can't help it. I'm jealous, Philip—I'm wild with jealousy—jealous of a dream thing!"

To be continued

BURIED 30 YEARS IN A TREE

Telegraph Bracket Completely Inclosed in Wood Is Found in California.

Thirty-six years ago a telegraph bracket and insulator was nailed to a Douglas fir tree near Arcata, Cal. A few years later a falling branch badly damaged it and the wire which it had been supporting was removed. The tree was growing thickly, adding every summer to its diameter a new layer of woody material, and this growth gradually pushed out around the bracket on all sides, leaving it buried in the tree trunk.

At the end of 28 years the tip of the glass insulator finally disappeared from sight and the only trace of it that could still be seen was a scarcely noticeable lump which looked like nothing more than a healed-over branch stub. A few weeks ago the tree was felled and the wood manufactured into barrel staves. The scorch of the saw which happened to graze the edge of the glass called attention to this unusual "fossil."

On splitting open the stave bolt the whole story became clear in all its details. The clearly defined annual rings of the rapidly growing trees form an unimpeachable historical record.

The wood of the insulator bracket is still in good condition and the oak of which it was made has received an unintentional preservative treatment, being thoroughly impregnated with the resin of the surrounding fir. The interesting specimen can now be seen in the wood collection of the forestry division at the University of California.—American Forestry Magazine.

To Dream of the Moon.

To see a moon in brilliant clearness—for a wife, love and good health; for a husband increase in wealth. To see the new moon means advancement in business. To see two moons means an increase in dignity and rank. For a beautiful woman to see in a dream the moon at its full predicts to her a high standing in fashion and in public admiration. For a young girl or widow to see the moon full and its face of a dazzling brightness denotes a speedy marriage. To jewelers, goldsmiths and bankers this dream is most happy.—Chicago American.

Goods Hard to Match.

Any woman who has ever worn a black dress or costume knows how difficult black is to match. No black silk is really black. A piece of silk may seem black to the casual observer, and it may be called black, but it is not really black at all. It is dark brown, or dark blue, or dark red. Matching black goods, therefore, is difficult, because one must be able to tell whether the black has more of brown, red or blue in it and match it to a piece of black goods containing the same color value.

Organdie Made Up in Two Colors.

Organdie in all varying colors is one of the most fashionable fabrics. The soft tones, such as hydrangea, orchid and the creamy tints, are as becoming to middle age as to youth. Moreover, it is equally distinctive made up with much face and embroidery or quite plain, with double hem and a generally tailored effect. Organdie made up in two colors is a novelty of fashion, as also are the apron tunics of organdie, with their pretty laces, sashes, pockets and other interesting features.

A Long Time to Wait.

"Well, professor," inquired the young musician, "how do my compositions please you?"

"Why, I think," responded the older man, "that they may perhaps be played when Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer have been forgotten."

"Really?" exclaimed the young musician in ecstasy.

"Certainly, but not till then," remarked the other.—Houston Post.

Valley Once Great Sea.

The Red River valley, according to Professor Parks, was near the coast of a great inland sea 3,000,000 years ago. This sea stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. The sand along the shallow, brackish shores of the now extinct body of water has formed a splendid preservation of specimens of prehistoric animals.

IRIS CLAIMS FAME

Blazoned on the Banners of Great Nations.

"Lilies" of France and of Florence Really Copied From Far Humbler Japanese Flower.

Every schoolboy who has declaimed the ringing lines of "The Battle of Iry" has learned to associate the lilies of France, no less than the white plume of her hero king, with history in its most stirring aspect. Not every school girl who follows with pride and sympathy the career of Joan of Arc, the young French peasant girl and saint, may know, however, that they are associated even more closely with the "lily maid" of France; since, when the king ennobled her, the title he conferred—needless, but aptly chosen—made her Dame du Lis—the Lady of the Lilies.

Yet the lilies of France were got lilies at all; for the fleur-de-lis, or flower-de-luce, is certainly an iris. Medieval Florence, however, also reckoned it a lily, blazoned it on her famous gonfalon, and made it conspicuous in her splendid chronicles.

Possibly it may claim even an older and a loftier fame; for some botanists assert that it was neither scarlet amaryllis, nor meadow lily, nor blazing wild tulip, as others claim, but the stately oriental iris in its royal purple majesty, with which Solomon in all his glory could not compare.

Of late years, Japan, the land of gardens, has added largely to our iris lore. The Japanese irises, far surpassing all others in beauty and variety, bear fanciful, often poetic, names, which it is a pity our prosaic nurserymen so seldom translate.

One lively white variety is Moonlight; another, Moonlight of Foam; one faintly flushed is Dawn on the Mountain; a striped sort, waving in the wind, has acquired the name of Dancing Tiger; and then there are also a Dancing Bear, a Dancing Lion and a Heron's Feather.

The iris gardens of Japan are wonders of loveliness, and in the most famous the little maid who serve the visiting crowds with tea in the pretty summer houses are carefully arrayed in iris hues.

On one special day, May 5, it is customary for all houses to display graceful and beautiful arrangements of iris, hung beneath the eaves, and at all the public baths buds and petals of the iris are cast about upon the water to delight the bathers with their scent and color.

One homelier kind is especially the flower of the Japanese women; for, centuries-old tradition tells that once, in time of famine, it was decreed that all cultivable land must be planted to food crops only; but the women, unwilling to forego their ornamental, made from the tuberous roots, cleverly transferred their lilies to the eaves of the thatched roofs, where they grew and flourished. Certain it is that this iris—the iris tectorum—is still so planted in Japan, and thrives in purple splendor, cresting the humblest farms.

Written Word Is Lasting.

The highest glory that a writer can win is to be read, according to "An Englishman" in the continental edition of the London Daily Mail. He lives not in a tomb, but in his books. Ever since Horace boasted that he had built his own monument, more lasting than brass, his successors have proudly echoed the boast. It is indeed by a strange irony that the written word outlasts all the other manifestations of human ingenuity. The cities of ancient Greece have perished utterly. The few fragments which the industry and ingenuity of archaeologists recover from time to time give us but a poor glimpse of the glory that was Greece. The once famous painters of old are today but names. Even the masterpieces of sculpture, an art which does not always fight a losing battle with time, come down to us in fragments. But Homer has survived whole and untouched. We know not where he was born—many cities claim his birth. We know not where he was buried. And what matters our ignorance? There remain the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" to tell us what manner of man he was, and they will die only with the death of the human race.

Testing Air in Mines.

Investigations by the bureau of mines having shown that inhalation of air containing sharp insoluble rock dust renders the miner susceptible to tuberculosis, many mines are now visited each year and samples of the atmosphere are obtained. This is done with a very interesting apparatus. It consists of an air meter, a small glass tube filled with granulated sugar, and a calibrated pump, all of which the investigator sets up close to the working miners. He then operates the pump for 20 to 30 minutes, and so draws a calculable volume of air into the meter, through the tube, and out of the pump exhalation valve. The tube is then shipped to the laboratory, where the sugar is dissolved out in distilled water, leaving in the bottom of the test tube a residue of the rock particles which have thus been trapped.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

After the Cold Facts.

"The poor girl," remarked the sympathetic woman, "didn't have enough clothes to keep her warm!"

"Which was she," inquired Miss Cayenne; "terribly poor, or awfully fashionable?"

The long-lashed little flowers, called "immortelles" in France, have grown in popularity for decorating soldiers' graves.

Art of Die Making.

Old coins have been found which show that the art of die making was known to the Greeks as early as 800 B. C.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TURKS TURN DOWN BUTTONS

Refuse to Use Them Because They Are Made From Bones of Dogs That Formerly Roamed Streets.

When I was in Constantinople I made friends with several of the parish dogs that roved the streets, and though they had their drawbacks, it always seemed to me that they were likeable beasts, and not so great a nuisance as one would suppose they must be. I was therefore, genuinely sorry when I learned that the remorseless march of progress had led to the extermination of the dog. You will remember that the poor dogs were shipped off to various islands and there left to die, because the Turk would not transgress against his religion by killing them outright. That was five or six years ago and apparently the unhappy dogs all met their inevitable fate. Today numbers of Russian refugees are housed on the islands which were formerly the dogs' prison, and the American Red Cross authorities, who are caring for these particular refugees, have set their piteous to work at making buttons from the dogs' bones. I am not altogether surprised to learn that the Turks will not buy the buttons.—Near East.

Swelled Head.

"I'm delighted to see wages going up and up. It's a splendid thing as long as swollen pocketbooks don't make swollen heads."

The speaker was Lady Duff Gordon. She went on:

"I heard a story the other day about a man who brought a couple of friends home from the club and sent down word to the cook that he'd like a few cheese sandwiches."

"The maid who carried the message returned in a few minutes and said:

"The cook wishes me to tell you, sir, that she can't be disturbed, as she is giving a small after-theater supper party and is very busy cutting up the lobsters and opening the wine."

Raisin Imports Show Increase.

Nearly 8,000,000 pounds of raisins were exported from Malaga, Spain, to the United States during the first six months of 1920, a quantity that exceeds the total raisin export from that port for the seven-year period, 1913 to 1919, inclusive, according to the bureau of markets, United States department of agriculture. Practically the entire 1919 Malaga raisin stocks have been exhausted and there are no stocks on hand. The American consul reports that there is prospect of increased production. The raisin growers are looking for a continuation of the great demand for raisins in the United States.

French Forests Badly Hurt.

The forests of France, so carefully protected and cultivated for centuries, saved the cause for the allies, according to reliable information in government quarters. More than 40,000 trees a day were cut during the four years of the war to meet the demands of military leaders. Not only because of these demands, but from neglect and the ravages of war, the forests of France have been depleted, the war having destroyed more than 2,000,000,000 board feet of lumber and caused the neglect of about 750,000 acres of valuable wood land.

Black Bear Put Up Fight.

As residents of Maine know, the black bear is usually a shy, inoffensive animal, but a farmer who lives in Brownville ran across one not long ago that proved to be a very lively exception to the rule. The bear attacked him in the woods about a mile from his house so fiercely and persistently that it defeated his every effort to escape until he managed to pick up two heavy clubs. By feinting with one club and hitting the bear with the other, he fought it off until he worked his way to an open field.—Youth's Companion.

SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE?

There Are a Few Simple Rules for the Removing of Irritating Particles.

Though many people have become expert in the art of removing irritating particles from the eyes of others, a few words on this subject will not be out of place. In removing a foreign particle from the eye, ask the patient to look down, and then take hold of the eyelash with thumb and forefinger of the left hand and pull the eyelid downward and slightly away from the eyeball. Next, exert, or turn back, the eyelid by placing midway between the eyelashes and eyelid the tip of the thumb of the right hand and make the same movement that would be required to turn back the edge of a coat sleeve.

If the particle is located on the interior of the upper lid it may be removed with a clean handkerchief or a piece of clean cotton placed on the end of a toothpick or match. If the irritating substance is not on the upper lid, try to find it in the same manner on the lower lid and remove it in the same way. When the particle is imbedded in the cornea, or covering of the eyeball, it is best to consult a physician or eye specialist. After removing the particle from the eye it is advisable to irrigate the delicate member with boric acid.

Under no circumstances should anyone touch the eye with a handkerchief or other agent that has been moistened with saliva or with the tip of the tongue.

In treating the eyes with some kind of liquid medicine one should take care never to invert the dropper after the solution has been drawn into the rubber end downward and the fluid permitted to run into the rubber and then back into the glass as the solution will very likely contain particles of powder that have washed off the rubber bulb, and these may irritate the eyes. Always hold up the rubber end of the dropper. The fluid should never be dropped directly on the eyeball unless the physician has so advised. The proper practice is to draw down the lower lid and place the drops on the exposed inner surface of the lid. One or two drops are always sufficient and it is only waste to use more.—Floyd W. Parsons in the Saturday Evening Post.

Tortoiseshell From Cotton.

Most of the so-called tortoiseshell rings that are put around eye-glasses never had anything to do with a tortoise. They are made from cotton. In fact, many umbrellas, handles, hairpins, combs, buttons, buckles and bracelets are also made from cotton. The cotton is first turned into tissue paper; this is threaded, dried and dusted. Next the paper threads are dipped into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. The mixture is pressed out of it and the remainder is ground fine. It is mixed with other, alcohol, camphor and other things to form a doughlike mass. Under hydraulic pressure the dough is kneaded and molded into cakes. The cakes are sliced and hung up to season. Dies cut the material into its final form, and it is shaped, polished and drilled. While the material is still plastic the proper dyes are added. The most common colorings are ivory, tortoiseshell and pearl.

She Was of the Newly Rich.

In an ancient mansion which recently changed hands on account of the ups and downs of war-time fortunes there dwells and works a parlor maid of very expensive and rather cultured and superior type. Her mistress does not mind the expense, but is often much bothered by the culture. One day, on a high plane, she said to her maid, "Ma'am," said the maid, "I am very much interested in the doings of the mistress." "What are the doings of the mistress?" "We have nothing to mend,"—London Morning Post.

Special Bargains

(Call and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic markets at 10 per cent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

BARK ON TREES NOT WOOD

It Is Composed of Three Layers of Tissues, Each of Which Has Important Function.

Bark on trees and shrubs corresponds with skin on animals. But it has other uses which the skin hasn't. Bark isn't wood, and it isn't formed as wood is formed. It covers the wood, and it is generally an easy matter to separate the bark from the wood. Hemp and jute and flax are all bark—the outside covering of certain vegetable growths.

Bark is composed of three layers of tissues. The inside layer conducts food to the plant, and under a magnifying glass is seen to be made up of tiny fibers. Then there is the "green zone," as it is called, and this also is fibrous, and helps feed the plant. The outside layer is cork, and is really dead. That is, these cork cells develop and die immediately, so one rarely sees only a dead tree when he looks at the bark. The cork of commerce is the bark of a certain kind of tropical tree, but the outer layer of bark of all trees is technically known as cork, and the little cells going to make it up are called cork.

Soon Tired of Life.

A Lawrence (Kan.) young man, who craved the life of a fireman, applied for a position at the department and was told to report for duty at seven o'clock Thursday morning. Shortly after seven a practice drill was staged with all the thrills of a real alarm, with the new recruit as interested spectator. After the drill the chief brought in an application for insurance for the new fireman and asked him who should be notified in case he was the victim of an accident. The recruit said there would be no accidents so far as he was concerned, and thereupon tendered his resignation, having been a fireman for a period of 40 minutes.

Riches of the Indian Tribes.

In connection with the practical reservation industries maintained by the government there are conducted twelve demonstration and three experimentation farms, and nearly 400 farmers, stockmen and assistants are employed and live near Indian communities for giving instruction and counsel. Under authority of the law the service handles large sums annually in loans to Indians as initial capital for beginning their self-support and looks after the later liquidation of these loans. The value of all individual and tribal property, if recent mineral returns are included, is approximately \$1,000,000,000.

Long Sitter.

"There is one thing which that young lawyer fellow of Elin's ought to be proficient in when he comes to practice."

"What is that?"

"The art of securing a stay."—Baltimore American.

Stocking His Cellar.

"Dryden—Are you trying to corner the thermometer market? I see you've bought 100 gross of them."

Wetmore—Sh! They're spirit thermometers. Every one is filled with 9 per cent alcohol.

Humorous Literary Errors.

Certain literary errors are committed, not through ignorance, but in downright absent-mindedness. At times they are ludicrous. Trollope made his Andy Scott come whistling up the street with a cigar in his mouth, and Defoe assures his readers that Robinson Crusoe before taking off his clothes to swim to the wreck, took the precaution to fill his pockets with biscuits. Later, in "Around the World in Eighty Days," Jules Verne brought his hero to his club in triumph just as the clocks of London were striking ten minutes to twelve!

Lemon Corn Remedy.

When a corn is bothersome take a lemon, cut off a small piece, then nick it so as to let in the juice of the corn; let this on at night so that it cannot move, and in the morning you will find that, with a blunt knife, you may remove a considerable portion of the corn. Make two or three applications, and great relief will be the result.

The New Personality.

"There comes a moment in the life of almost everyone when, bewildered, for the first time they meet an everyday and faulty person in place of the beloved. Sometimes this is the beginning of a long disillusion; it is then that many find out that one has not been in love at all, but only in love with being in love. With young lovers one often calls this first glimpse the first quarrel. After marriage this slow torment of becoming accustomed to another personality in the body of the beloved is called the 'time of adjustment.'"—Ellen Heaton Vorse, in "The Heart's Country."

Sixteen Years for Less Majesty.

Valencia.—Sixteen years in prison was the sentence imposed on Professor Unamuno, who was convicted of less majesty. It being charged he wrote three articles criticizing the Spanish monarchy.

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The city of Providence is about to try a new and strict ordinance to regulate the jitneys of that city. Newport will do well to try a similar one.

Cabinet makers are busily at work helping out President-elect Harding in selecting suitable material for his Cabinet. Many persons have already been selected for each of the important places, but thus far the future President has been wise enough to keep his own counsel. He has given out no hint to aid these self-appointed assistants in their arduous task. One thing seems to be very certain, President Harding will select for his immediate advisers the strongest men in the country. He will not, like his immediate predecessor, attempt to go it alone in all things.

New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad stock has sold this week at \$10 per share. People who bought this stock a few years ago at from \$250 to \$275 a share cannot be very happy over the present outlook. Many of these shares at this high price are held by estates for the benefit of widows and orphans of the men who thought they were making safe and profitable investments for their families in the future. There was thought a few years ago, to be no surer a dividend payer than the New Haven stock. Now the prospects of any further dividends ever being paid are less than imaginary. A receivership would seem to be the next thing in sight. A consolidation with the Pennsylvania system might ward off this calamity.

SUPPORTING THE SCHOOLS

The advance movement in education has been greatly interrupted and hampered by the lack of sufficient number of well prepared teachers. No community can plan for progressive educational steps, when it can hardly find teachers competent to conduct schools on even the simplest old fashioned lines. People who desire educational progress, therefore, will be glad that the U. S. Bureau of Education has appointed a series of regional conferences, to meet people of all sections, during the period from November 29 to December 18. The week December 5-11 is named as School Week.

Whereas formerly a steady stream of well qualified persons were seeking work as school teachers, under present conditions the supply of the same is far below the demand. Many schools have had to close. Many more are keeping along with unfit teachers.

The American people have to choose between paying teachers more liberally or giving their children only poor schools. The generation to come has heavily burdens to bear, and it can carry them only by developing the young people to a point of superior efficiency.

It is not enough simply to open school houses and hire any old kind of a teacher. The profession must attract able men and women who can inspire and enthuse the children and give them principles of good citizenship.

Also more normal schools are needed. No one is fit to take up a professional career, unless he has had some special preparation for his work. Yet only 20 per cent. of recent appointments to teachers' positions have had even normal school training. The world's educational thought is ready for great expansion along lines of new achievement. The first step toward such progress is to develop a fine personnel of teachers.

INTERMITTENT EMPLOYMENT

One of the worst features of the existing industrial system is the amount of seasonal or intermittent employment. Certain kinds of work can be done only at certain seasons of the year, and during the rest of the time the people at those trades remain idle or depend upon odd jobs. Herbert Hoover, in a recent address before the federal engineers, called this first among the wastes of production. If means could be found to keep these millions of seasonal workers busy all the year, a vast addition to production and prosperity could be made.

Certain kinds of work are necessarily irregular. Crops, for instance, can't be raised in winter. But many people hold that if farmers would go more into live stock raising, it would furnish a good deal of winter work for their helpers.

The coal trade has been one of the worst of the irregular employments, and this is mostly due to lack of public foresight. If people would begin laying in coal in spring, the miners could be kept busy all the time and mining would cost less.

In many localities small manufacturing enterprises could be conducted in off seasons to keep help busy that otherwise would be idle. In

southern latitudes a good deal of construction work could be done in the winter. But there is a tendency for householders all to rush to have work done at certain seasons, allowing help to lie idle most of the time. This problem of seasonal and intermittent work should be thoughtfully studied, and a national policy adopted, and public cooperation asked, in the effort to stabilize labor as much as possible, and provide regular employment for everybody.

USELESS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Do you remember the kind of Christmas presents they used to make?

Here are a few leaves from yesterday that will recall the kind of things they used to give.

1. Illustrated gift books. A fine work of literature beautifully illustrated is always an appropriate gift. But there was a former tendency to take some poem and spread it out about two lines to a page, and pad up the space with elaborate, romantic, and impossible cuts. Or they would take worthless old stories and dress them up with russia leather and tooled bindings and gilt edges. No one ever read these works of art except callers waiting for the lady to finish her prinking. But no well regulated "parlor" was supposed to be without them on the center table.

2. Plush Covered Photograph Albums. These massive creations, running up as big as a pulpit Bible, were the top pitch of dignity as a parlor ornament. The pictures they contained might be very commonplace people, who looked still more mediocre when throned on high in these elaborate pages.

3. Embroidered and beribboned collars, boxes, etc. An infinite variety of elaborate so-called fancy articles used to be offered in great quantities at stores, church fairs, etc., for gift use. They took up unnecessary space and were done with too much fussy ornament.

The idea of Christmas presents has changed since those times. People try to find out what their friends want, and give them something in which use is considered more than ornament.

THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS

In the old fashioned family, old and young used to settle down under the "sitting room" lamp during the long winter evenings, for much reading and study. Games like authors and parchesi and jackstraws were devised to reconcile the young people to staying at home. Many persons found time for much reading and reflection and became thoroughly posted on what was going on in the world. The family used to go to bed at early hours, not so much from conviction of the healthfulness of the habit, as because they got too sleepy to stay up.

These are the times of note and hustle. People want "something doing." When you visit a populous city and see all the crowd on the streets, you think everyone is on the move. Yet if you could look into all the homes, you would see a lot of quiet, reading going on. You would find many people trying to improve their abilities by various forms of study and better preparation for work.

School study is largely done in the evenings now. Students are apt to work or play at sports in the afternoons, then they dig into next day's lessons at night.

Families with live boys find the long winter evenings a problem. Some of the youngsters are much given to drifting to the curbstones of the town center or the favorite hang-outs, to swap stories and jokes with the lounge crowd. Few young men learn much that is useful that way.

The solution of the problem is plenty of active life as an outlet for youthful vigor. The evening lamp will not hold the young crowd as of yore, at least after they get away from the responsibilities of next day's school lessons. But active games in a basket ball hall or bowling alley, when run as community institutions for public benefit, may be just as useful as the stories read or the games played under the old-time evening lamp.

- POTATOES

Potatoes are coming down. Not that the producers might not like to have them soar to what they were last winter, but they are "up against" the greatest of price levelers, supply and demand.

It is estimated that it required 400,000,000 bushels of potatoes to give the people of the country all the potatoes they want. There were 375,000,000 bushels—an inadequate supply—last year, and as a consequence as the season advanced the price went up. The United States Bureau of Crop Estimates has calculated that this year's crop will be 521,232,000 bushels, or over a 100,000,000 bushels more than will ordinarily be required. This condition should mean not only lower prices, but a larger consumption, both results most desirable.

The first step in the curtailment of the local street railway service was taken by the Newport County Electric Company on the Bath Road section. On this line the cars will be operated for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon only.

The gum factory is operating on full time and the orders ahead indicate little likelihood of curtailment for some time.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Meets with Fatal Accident

Earl A. Smith, one of the most respected and best known fishermen that was ever reared on Block Island, came to his death last Sunday evening through some cause, particulars of which will remain forever a sealed mystery.

All during the day while a howling northeaster raged and kicked up a nasty sea, Earl worked constantly on his fishing boat which lay high upon the beach at the outer basin at the Old Harbor.

After completing the necessary repairs, he went to his home at the Center and enjoyed dinner with his family, and about four o'clock returned to the Harbor, and at high water, (which was about 8:30 o'clock), would launch his boat and make her fast to his mooring. That was the last that his wife and children saw of him, and it was not until 6:30 Monday morning that Capt. Irving Ball, on his way to the dock, came across his body, which lay just wash and partially buried in the sand on the beach nearly opposite and not 300 yards distant from the Main street and the Royal Hotel.

Capt. Ball was soon joined by the victim's brother, Capt. Lewis Smith, and at the time neither of the fishermen recognized the identity of the body, but remarked that the features were familiar. At the time of the discovery it was not very light and sea weed and sand were thickly imbedded in the victim's ears, eyes and hair.

Medical Examiner, Frank B. Husted, M. D., was notified and the body was moved to the undertaking rooms of Wm. Burl Sharp. After removing the sand and other elements, it was at once observed that the victim was Earl Smith and word was at once dispatched to his brother Lewis, who was at the dock. Upon his arrival he pronounced the body as that of his brother and word was at once sent to the family, who were completely overcome at the news.

According to Dr. Husted and Undertaker, Sharp Mr. Smith was not drowned, not the least bit of water being found in the body. It is conceded that Earl in some manner, after mooring his craft, fell overboard from his skiff while endeavoring to get up his anchor wamp which had become fouled with that of another boat which lay in close proximity.

Once in the icy water, with a terrific gale blowing and clad in rubber boots and oilskins, it is presumed that he struggled for at least two hours, clinging to the bottom of the overturned skiff and gradually working his way toward the shoal water and beach. It is thought that when he reached the edge of the water he collapsed, and owing to a weak heart due to a severe attack of pneumonia some months ago, and the intense exhaustion occasioned by his long struggle in the water, perished in a short time. A watch in Mr. Smith's pocket was found stopped at about 10 minutes past 7, presumably about the time he fell into the water. About 9 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Maloof, who reside less than 100 yards from the beach, distinctly heard the cry of "help" a half-dozen times above the roar of the wind. Mr. Maloof, with a flash light, ventured out to the street and listened and called, but could hear no sounds, and thinking that perhaps they had been mistaken, returned to the house and retired.

It is thought that the outcries were made by Earl when he landed at the edge of the water and simultaneously dropped from exhaustion. Mr. Smith's skiff was found, capsized, a few feet further along the beach. When found, the body was fully clad with the exception of one rubber

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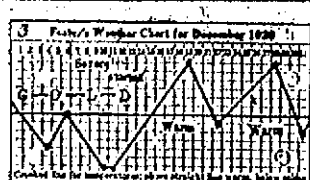
PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

WEEKLY CALENDAR, DECEMBER, 1920

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1st	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
2nd	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
3rd	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
4th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
5th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
6th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
7th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
8th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
9th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
10th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
11th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
12th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
13th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
14th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
15th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
16th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
17th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
18th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
19th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
20th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
21st	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
22nd	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
23rd	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
24th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
25th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
26th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
27th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
28th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
29th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
30th	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25
31st	6:57	11:11	1:05	2:25	3:45	5:05	6:25

Deaths.

In this city, 22nd ult., Johanna A., wife of Thomas B. Connolly.
In this city, 30th ult., Clara, wife of Thomas M. Bullis, and daughter of Michael and Mary A. Davis.
In this city, December 3, Harriett N. French.
On Block Island, Nov. 27, Mrs. Elizabeth Westcott, wife of Noah B. Westcott of North Tiverton, in her 45th year.



PROF. F. W. FORSTER

Most Prominent Candidate for President of Germany.



Prof. Frederik Wilhelm Forster, who is now regarded as the most likely candidate for election as President of Germany to succeed President Ebert. Professor Forster is said to be exceedingly popular with all classes of the German people.

REFORMERS IN FIGHT FOR BLUE SABBATH

Program for the Crusade to Be Planned at Birthday of the International Bureau.

Washington.—The house committee of the District of Columbia will be asked to have hearings on the Temple-Jones bill "to protect the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, and to secure its observance as a day of rest." Representative Henry W. Temple of Pennsylvania will lead the fight for this measure, which would take the sun out of Sunday in the national capital.

If this legislation is enacted, the next move will be to apply it to army and navy reservations, national parks, the federal possessions and the territory about American embassies, legations and consulates in foreign countries controlled by the United States. In the mean time bills to stop interstate Sunday trains, mails and other activities will be pressed.

At the twenty-sixth anniversary of the International Reform Bureau, which is laying the groundwork for a more aggressive and elaborate moral crusade, the plans for the fight, which includes the drive for national blue laws, will be outlined by the heavyweights in the movement.

The speakers scheduled for the big rally to be held December 8, 9, and 10 include Dr. William F. Crafts, superintendent of the bureau; Wayne B. Wheeler, legislative superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League; the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the board of temperance, prohibition and public morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Henry Pringle, assistant superintendent and director for the International Reform Bureau; Prohibition Commissioner John F. Kramer, Representative Upshaw of Georgia, Representative Shreve of Pennsylvania, Senator Thomas Steiweg and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

The conference is to consider what suggestions for President-elect Harding's Cabinet "should we (the members of the conference) support and oppose" and what "reform legislation is needed and how citizens can secure it." One feature of the program is visits to congressmen. Plans have been recently made to warn every member of the house and senate just what to expect.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—The bodies of 15 cadets, who were killed near Kilmichael, have been taken to Macroom.

KANSAS CITY.—Securities, Liberty bonds and cash valued at between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, the share of loot obtained by "Lieutenant" Keith Collins, alleged "master mind" in the \$500,000 Omaha mail train robbery, were destroyed in a huge "bonfire" at Collins' Omaha home, according to a written confession he made here.

HAVANA.—President Menocal signed a decree extending the existing moratorium, which would have expired November 30, until December 31.

MEXICO CITY.—German immigration to Mexico is rapid, 100 families having arrived at Vera Cruz in October. They were provided by several hundred other families, most of whom settled in Chiapas, where they are engaged in agriculture.

DANVILLE, VA.—A wooden box containing \$300,000 in Liberty bonds, war savings stamps and life insurance policies which were stolen from the Bank of Halifax, at Houston, Va., eight weeks ago, was found by Guy Lampkin, a farmer, at Midway, Va.

AMSTERDAM.—The former Empress of Germany suffered two heart attacks.

The house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Serre and family, at 13 Reed street, North Adams, Mass., was demolished when an embankment in the rear gave way. The building and its furniture were destroyed by the landslide, which was caused by the heavy rain.

DEMAND U. S. PROTECT FARMER

Revival of War Finance Corporation, Credit to Germans and Canadian Tariff Sought.

PRICE DECLINE IS CAUSE.

Senators to Confer on Aid to West. Will Seek to Supply Relief by Opening Foreign Markets—Not Expecting Credits.

Washington.—The worst storm of resentment against the government since the days of Populism exists through the middle west, according to senators and members of the house who conferred here. The feeling is caused by the rapid decline of prices for farm products and is coupled with a belief that the Federal Reserve Board not only could provide a remedy if it would, but that the board is actually responsible for the condition through its persistent efforts to force deflation.

A legislative program to relieve the situation will be considered at a conference of senators and representatives from agricultural states at the Capitol.

Many members of both houses from the farm states are in Washington and are at work on the problem of relief for the farmers. Numerous conferences are being held in the office buildings. Some of the ideas being advanced are radical, but the majority appear to favor proceeding with caution.

While there seems to be a unanimous feeling that Congress must do something with the least possible delay, there is a very strong sentiment that no public money can be appropriated.

Proposals to be considered by the conference include: Revival of the War Finance Corporation.

Extension of credits to Germany as a means of affording a market for that country for our surplus food and raw products.

Placing a tariff on Canadian wheat to stop flooding of American markets with that product.

Prohibition of trading in futures; this to be accomplished through taxation.

Suggestions that the government fix and guarantee prices on farm products may be made, but will receive no serious consideration.

Eugene Meyer, Jr., who was chairman of the War Finance Corporation, will discuss with Senator Kellogg of Minnesota the advisability of reviving that board. A month ago Mr. Meyer told the convention held here by farm organizations that a revival of the corporation could be accomplished, and that it no doubt would be able to open foreign markets to a considerable extent.

Senator Kellogg said he is undecided whether it would be wise to revive the corporation. He isn't sure the corporation can do anything. After he discusses the situation with Mr. Meyer he will decide whether he will offer a resolution to reorganize the board.

Senator Capper of Kansas, who returned to Washington with a long program to cure the country's ills, favors reviving the corporation and will urge it at the forthcoming conference. Backed by this government body, he thinks farmers will be enabled to get financial support for marketing their surplus crops abroad. With the corporation functioning properly he also believes the Federal Reserve Board will adopt a more liberal policy in regard to farm credits.

While favoring the extension of a huge credit to Germany, Senator Capper does not consider it possible or wise to have Congress make an appropriation for this purpose. He suggested that Congress authorize the use of the \$500,000,000 of German money now held by the alien property custodian for this purpose. He said he had been advised that Germany is willing to buy \$1,000,000,000 worth of raw products in the United States if permitted to buy on time.

The American Farm Bureau Federation hinted in a statement made public that a direct appropriation of \$1,000,000,000 will be asked of Congress. It will adopt a definite program in Indianapolis at its next national meeting.

EMERSON SHOE COMPANY FAILS.

President Files Voluntary Bankruptcy Petition in New York.

New York.—A voluntary petition in bankruptcy was filed in federal court in Brooklyn by Theophilus R. Emerson Shoe Company, Inc., manufacturers of women's footwear with factory and offices in this city and a branch in Auburn.

According to the bankruptcy schedules filed the assets of the firm amounted \$244,300 and the liabilities to \$350,245.

CUT PRICE OF CLOTHING.

Twenty Per Cent Reduction on Women's Garments at Cleveland.

Cleveland.—Price reductions averaging 20 per cent in women's clothing were announced at the opening of the style show of the Cleveland Garment Manufacturers' Association, composed of forty-eight manufacturers of women's garments.

Buyers from all parts of the country attended the exhibit of spring and summer styles which are "runners" for 1921.

To give New England lines a 6 per cent return upon their property, as provided by law, the presidents of six New England railroads, to consider plans designed to obtain an increase in freight rates such as will give the desired increase upon returns, met in conference at the South Station, Boston.

CLIFFORD M. HOLLAND

Designer of the New York-New Jersey Vehicular Tunnel.



Clifford M. Holland, one of the most distinguished tunnel engineers in the United States, is the designer of the New York-New Jersey vehicular tunnel, work on which has been begun under the direction of the two states.

FLAMES SWEEP COTTON DOCKS IN LIVERPOOL

Property Damage of Millions in 18 Fires Near Docks of City and Suburbs.

Liverpool.—One man was killed and fifteen cotton warehouses and timber yards were fired in Liverpool and a suburb, Bootle. The police say they have strong evidence that the incendiaries, five of whom were arrested, are Sinn Feiners.

The fires, which caused a loss of several hundred thousand pounds, covered a wide area and kept the Liverpool fire brigade busy all night. In most cases the fires had obtained a firm grip on the buildings before the brigades arrived, and two of the largest cotton warehouses in the South End were destroyed. Other fires occurred in the North End, seven of them in and near the docks. Several gasoline cans and some paraffin were found in the vicinity of several of the burning buildings.

The police came to grips with the supposed Sinn Feiners in two places where fires were raging. Daniel Ward, a laborer, who was returning home from a mission meeting, joined the police when he saw a number of men setting fire to a warehouse in the neighborhood of Parliament street.

In company with the officers, Ward advanced toward the men, and as they approached one of them drew a revolver and aimed at the foremost policeman. The weapon missed fire and was then turned upon Ward, who was shot dead. The hue and cry was raised immediately, and one of the men was captured.

At a cotton warehouse in the North End a gang of incendiaries also opened fire on the police and bullets pierced the clothing of two constables, without hurting them, however. The police made a rush upon the warehouse, but all of the men escaped.

While these were the only times that the police actually encountered any of the miscreants at their work, the authorities subsequently visited certain houses of which they had information, and four of the occupants were taken and detained, so that at present the police have five of the men implicated in setting fire to the warehouse. All of them are expected to belong to the Sinn Fein movement.

There were seven fires in Bootle and eleven in various parts of Liverpool.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The belief is growing that, despite statements of congressional leaders, it may be necessary to follow the President's recommendation and make some changes in war taxation before the annual returns on March 15.

Congress may suspend temporarily all immigration to the United States except of persons who have close relatives here, the suspension to remain in effect until such time as careful consideration can be given to the entire problem and a detailed revision of the present immigration laws brought about.

President Wilson is understood to be of the opinion that revision of the revenue laws which were passed to raise the great revenues necessary for war time is the most important domestic question before Congress and must be revised.

Criminal prosecutions of all individuals who are involved in wrongdoing in connection with the operations of the United States Shipping Board are being asked at the hands of the Department of Justice by Admiral Benson, chairman of the board, as rapidly as the evidence in the matter is uncovered.

William Jackson and his wife of Burlington, Vt., were found dead in their bedroom after firemen broke through the door around the edges of which smoke was coming. Fire evidently caused by the explosion of an oil stove, had consumed some of the room's furnishings. It is thought that Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were asphyxiated while asleep.

SINN FEIN CHIEF SENT TO JAIL

Griffith, Founder of Organization, and Three Members of Commons Taken.

BRITISH SPREAD A NET.

Dublin Action First in Plan to Arrest All in "Irish Republic" Army—British Say Collins and Mulcahy's Murder Plans Involved Leaders.

Dublin.—Arthur Griffith, acting "President of the Irish Republic," and other members of the Dail Eireann (Sinn Fein Parliament) were arrested in the early hours of Saturday morning. No official explanation so far has been given of the reasons for their arrest, but it is understood from an authoritative source that recent documents discovered show that the link between the Dail Eireann and the Irish Republican army was very close indeed, and that the Dail Eireann was collecting funds for the Republican army.

"It was undoubtedly known," adds an official, "that the Republican army was engaged in a very extensive murder campaign, and it is impossible for funds to have been voted by the Dail Eireann without some control of the purpose for which these funds were used."

It is said that the authorities contemplate some form of internment for those associated with the Irish Republican army. Several instances have come to light recently of forced contributions to their funds. There was one instance in Wexford district where a farmer was asked if he had contributed to the munition fund. He replied that he knew nothing about it. His caller then told him he had a bill for £17 to collect. The farmer handed over £5 and was informed that others would be found to collect the balance.

The number of arrests is not yet officially stated, but it is believed that about twenty people were taken into custody during extensive raids. In addition to Griffith, among those arrested were Professor John MacNeill, of the Nationalist University of Ireland and Sinn Fein member of parliament for Londonderry City, his son, and Eamonn Duggan, M. P. for the South Division of Dublin, and Joseph MacBride, M. P. for the West Division of County Mayo.

With regard to the case of Griffith it was stated from Dublin Castle that "Mr. Arthur Griffith was arrested at his residence, Lawrence Road, Dublin, at 2 o'clock in the morning. A large quantity of literature was taken from his home. No arms were found. Mr. Griffith was in bed at the time and was taken away in a motor lorry. He made no statement to his captors and the arrest was effected without any trouble."

Mrs. Griffith was with her husband at the time. She says that he had not been at home for nearly a week. At 1:20 she was awakened by the sound of crashing glass. She went to a window and found seven men below belonging to the auxiliary police. They pointed revolvers at her and told her to come down at once. She cried to her husband, who was still asleep, "Here they are, Arthur; jump." She threw on a dressing gown, and on the way downstairs met men on the landing who gained admittance by smashing a pane of glass in the door and cutting the chain.

They went into a bedroom and placed her husband under arrest. With him they went from room to room, making a careful search. Carpets were torn up, floors and walls sounded, and the piano taken completely to pieces. Immense quantities of literature, letters, pamphlets, books and photographs were taken. The search was in progress for more than two hours. Her husband was not roughly treated, although when she asked the auxiliaries where they were going to take him one replied, "We are going to shoot him or hang him, as he jolly well deserves." This frightened their little girl in the room, and she became hysterical, but as the men drove away one shouted, "We are taking him to the Bridewell."



Cuticura Quickly Soothes Itching Scalps

Cuticura kills dandruff, stops itching, the cause of dry, thin and falling hair. Treatment: Gently rub Cuticura Ointment, with the end of the finger, on spots of dandruff and itching. Follow next morning with a hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Repeat in two weeks. Nothing better than these fragrant, super-emollient for all skin and scalp troubles.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum are indispensable adjuncts of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health. By bringing these delicately medicated emollients in frequent contact with your skin as in use for all toilet purposes, you keep the skin, scalp, hair and hands clear, sweet and healthy. The Soap, Ointment and Talcum 25c each everywhere. For sample, reach free, address: "Cuticura," Dept. 97, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap solves without soap.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE = = = = \$457,658.66

THE REWARD OF EFFICIENCY

in saving money and accumulating a reserve fund, is a competence for old age or any time of emergency.

Are you saving all you can?

Start an account with us.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to.

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

The Malthusian Doctrine.

This was a theory held by Rev. T. H. Malthus, who was born in 1768 and died in 1834. He held that population tends to multiply faster than its means of subsistence can be made to do, and that when this occurs, the lower or weaker classes must suffer from lack of food; that unless an increase of population be checked by prudential restraint poverty is inevitable, and that the multiplying of the population will be checked by poverty, vice or some other cause of suffering.

Dress for an Earthquake.

The earthquakes of California, recently reported, remind us of an old lady who, having gone through one, thus relates her experience: "My dear, I was simply pumbed out of bed and the ceiling crashed. I threw on a fur cloak and cautiously pulled on one black suede glove, and when I got down to the hall and found all the other guests—my dear, I was the best dressed woman there."—Boston Transcript.

Religious Competition.

Dr. Lyman P. Powell gives some examples of the lengths to which petty bitterness between sects will sometimes carry men. "A visitor in a certain town which had four churches and adequately supported none asked a pillar of one poor, dying church, 'How's your church getting on?' 'Not very well,' was the reply, 'but, thank the Lord, the others are not doing any better.'" —The Christian Register (Boston).

Something Like Cold!

A commercial traveler gives a terrible account of the intense cold in Sweden: "In Haparanda, the day before I left, I attended a performance at the theater. It was a tragedy. Everybody wept; but it was so cold that the tears of the spectators in the gallery fell like hailstones among the occupants of the stalls."

Grades of Witches.

In the olden times there were three classes of witches. The black witch was a harmful affair, and the white witch was a helpful spirit. Then there was the gray witch who was sometimes harmful and sometimes helpful. Indictments against persons accused of witchcraft had to state the complexion of the spirit that bewitched.

Wild Fowls' Triangle.

When flocks of wild ducks and geese have to go long distances they form a triangle to clear the air more easily, and the most conspicuous bird takes position at the forward angle. As this is a very fatiguing post, another bird ere long takes the place of the exhausted leader.

Keep Cool.

In explaining why a chisel must be kept wet with cold water when being sharpened on a grindstone, John, the brilliant physics student, said: "A chisel must be kept wet with water else it will become very hot and lose its temper." —Boys' Life for February.

The Captain's Way

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(C. 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Engaged to Dorothy and glowing about it like this?" laughed Captain Brooks, slapping his son's broad shoulder.

Bob made room for his father on the big rock, rapped the ashes from his pipe and carefully refilled it. When it was lighted and between his lips, he muttered glumly that there was going to be a bit of heavy weather.

Captain Brooks glanced at son and sky and grinned. "Foul weather ashore, Bob? What's the matter? Quarrelled with Dorothy?"

"Never—only we want to get married—and Dorothy doesn't want to leave her mother—"

"The other girls all married, eh?"

"Yes—three of them, all within two years, and Dorothy won't even suggest to her mother that we want to be married soon—you know that job in California—"

"Taking Dorothy away would leave the old lady all alone?"

"Yes—but she isn't old, dad. Mrs. Fane is charming—like her daughters. She's had a tough time of it—widowed young and had to raise those four girls—look borders for years. Now she owns a little home and has settled down to be happy with Dorothy—then, woe! along I come and carry off the ewe lambkin! It's tough—but I hate to go alone."

"You know I've never seen any of them except Dorothy—if she's a sample the rest must be pretty nice. I'm going to New York before long—perhaps I shall run down and see Mrs. Fane."

"Don't try to persuade her, dad. Dorothy and I feel ashamed to do it—"



She Wore a Pretty Pink Cotton Dress.

we'll wait a year or so, and then perhaps she will come out with us—she'd like California."

"I'm not a muddler, Bobby—I certainly shan't give your plans away—well, I have letters to write and afterward, if the tide is good, you might go out with me and catch a mess of blues."

"Right! I'll go down and overhaul the boat," and Bob, having recovered his customary cheeriness went whistling down the beach to the wharf. His father, watching him out of sight, his bright blue eyes very tender—he knew the pain of parting from an only son; Bob's education and training had been away from the sea and its lure.

He was a mining engineer with a bright future, and the captain, retired from sailing the seven seas, knew that he must spend a lonely old age, for Bob's mother had died many years ago and an efficient housekeeper ruled the low brown house on the hill. The captain sighed as he went up the hill and then he smiled at the happy future ahead of Bob—after all, Bob's happiness was his father's joy.

Dorothy Fane met her future father-in-law at the little railroad station out on Long Island. She was a pretty girl, with the fresh whiteness of outdoor life, and the blue sky seemed reflected in her eyes while the warm sunshine was in her hair and in her sweet disposition.

"It seems strange that you have never met my mother," she chattered as they rode down to the village in a rattling old stage drawn by two ancient but skittish horses. "I hope you won't mind being bounced around in Peter's stage—mother likes to have us patronize him—he's old and the motor buses have ruined his business."

"All?" declared Dorothy as they went over a bump. And he didn't. He was thinking that Dorothy's mother had a very kind heart to consider the old stage driver, and he thought that little Dorothy must be like her mother to follow suit so cheerfully.

"Here we are!" cried Dorothy, as the stage rattled to a final stop before a certain got stiffly down, looking very smart in his dark blue uniform and cap, with his handsome, clean-shaven face. He paid Peter Page liberally and then, cap in hand, went up the shell-strewn path to greet the little lady on the front steps.

Mrs. Fane was small like Dorothy, with a sunny disposition—she had brown eyes like Agatha—dimples like

Agatha—an enchanting smile like Bob—and her own lovely snow-white hair. She wore a pretty pink cotton dress that made Captain Brooks decide in a moment that pink was the prettiest color that ever was for young-old ladies!

"It is such a relief to know that you are going to be just like Bob," sighed Mrs. Fane as they sat down to an old-fashioned country "tea."

"I hope you will like me as much as you do Bob," observed the captain as he revealed in delicious strawberry shortcake and cream.

"That will be so easy!" exclaimed Ethel, for the married daughters were all there that night. The captain joined in the laugh that followed and when his passing glance paused on Mrs. Fane's flushed, mirthful face, he felt a funny little twinge around his heart—he wondered a little breathlessly if he had been reckless about the short cake.

He felt it again later in the evening while Dorothy and her sisters cleared away the table and washed the dishes. Mrs. Fane took him into the pretty little parlor with its treasures from the sea that was so near, and its pieces of old-fashioned furniture that brought memories of his happy boyhood. There was an old tinkling piano there, and she sang to him in a sweet low voice the old songs they both loved and that belonged to a more tranquil decade.

The old songs and the sweetness of the crowded garden—roses and chrysanthemums, mignonette and day lilies—then the quiet little chat with Dorothy's mother; and afterward, a night spent in the slat-walled best room of the cottage—with pictures of all the girls smiling at him from all ages of development—roses tossed against his window screens by mischievous Dorothy with an invitation to breakfast, proved the beginning of a delightful visit.

The following week was a repetition of the first day, and the captain lingered, loath to go; then, Bob's desperate letter complaining of loneliness, clamoring for news of Dorothy, sent the captain to hastily scribbling a letter—time was precious these last few days—which he sent by special delivery. His eyes twinkled as he wrote:

"Dear Bobby: Coming home next week. Mollie (Mrs. Fane) and I will be married in August, and shall spend next winter in California—that will be nice for you and Dorothy if you should be there then! Lovingly, Dad. P. S.—Dorothy is working on her trousseau—June bride—she will write."

LITTLE KNOWN, BUT VALUED

Lepidolite, Spodumene and Amblygonite Are Minerals of Considerable Use in the World.

If the casual reader ran across the words lepidolite and amblygonite in a theological paper he might mistake them for the names of tribes of the Philistines; if he found them in a paper on fossil skeletons he might suppose they meant some kinds of armored reptiles that ranged the swamps of the cretaceous period. A companion word, spodumene, though it ends with "mene," would mean nothing to him.

Lepidolite, amblygonite and spodumene are the names of the most abundant lithium minerals—minerals that are used as sources of the salts of lithium, one of the chemical elements.

Lithium suggests a mineral water or salts used for the treatment of rheumatism. But that is another story. A large percentage of the lithium minerals mined in the United States is used in storage batteries of a certain type.

Lithium salts, and lepidolite are added to glass "batches" to reduce the viscosity of the melted glass—that is, to make it flow more freely. Lithium chloride has been used to some extent in fireworks and signal lights, to which it imparts an intense red color.

Most of the lepidolite mined in the United States is taken from a deposit near Pala, San Diego county, Cal., and most of the amblygonite is mined in South Dakota, where it occurs in masses weighing hundreds of pounds. Practically all the spodumene produced in the United States is mined in the Black Hills in South Dakota, where it occurs in immense crystals, some of them more than 30 feet long.

Lithium minerals amounting to 6,287 short tons, valued at \$115,000, were produced in the United States in 1919—more than ten times as much as was produced in any year before 1916.

No Deception.

"Say," the late citizen who had rented for the season a summer cottage which he had not seen observed to the real estate agent, "your description of this property was a fraud throughout! Why, you wrote that one had an unobstructed view for 50 miles or more, and the house is down in a hollow so that you can't see a quarter of a mile in any direction."

"Oh, yes, you can," the agent responded soothingly. "We never misrepresent our property. You can see all of the 50 miles if you look in the right direction."

"You can do nothing of the sort!" "I assure you you can. Try it when you get home. Look straight up."

On Poorly Managed Farms a Mixed Fertilizer Can Undoubtedly Be Used With Profit.

"Knowing that corn receives much manure and usually follows clover on well-managed farms, a logical investment," says Prof. F. M. E. Bear of the Ohio State Department of the Ohio State University, "is in a larger application of phosphate." On farms that have been poorly managed, a mixed fertilizer can undoubtedly be used with profit. He says that until such a time as the price of potash is materially reduced, it would appear that it is wise for the farmer to invest liberally in phosphate, phosphate and clover seed.

TREED BY CATTLE

Childish Adventure That Might Have Been Tragical.

Dog's Impetuosity Got His Little Companions Into Trouble Which Nearly Had Serious Ending.

During my early childhood at the old homestead in Illinois, writes a contributor, my older sister, Lois, my brother, Marion, and myself, in company with a neighbor girl, Martha Wilson, had many interesting experiences in rambling through the woods not far from our house.

We were accompanied on one trip by our faithful dog, Old Bull, as we always called him. While we waded through the tangle of vines, rosebushes and other shrubbery, Old Bull raced through the woods in quest of rabbits and other game. Finally, tracing a squirrel, he made the woods resound with his eager barks. Some cutting grazing on the hillside raised their heads and started out to investigate. Others joined them, and when they saw the dog they all made a rush for him. Old Bull barked for the cemetery, that we had entered out of curiosity and, leaping the fence, took refuge with us. My sister, Lois, scolded him and would have quieted him, but Martha kept sticking him at them.

He replied very little encouragement, and his constant barking and the bawling of the cattle attracted the attention of all the other cattle, and they came galloping up to join in the fray. As the fence did not appear very strong, Martha and Lois decided that we had better try to slip out at the opposite side of the cemetery. This plan might have worked successfully if I had been older, but I was only five years old and very badly frightened. Old Bull followed us, barking as he went, and the cattle were close behind. We had gone only a short distance from the cemetery when the whole drove came plunging and bawling after us.

Fortunately, there was a fallen tree in which we took refuge, but as it was only a few feet from the ground we were safe only as long as Old Bull could hold them at bay. Martha and Marion kept sticking him at the cattle, while Lois tried to quiet me. The noise of the dog and of the cattle threw me into a paroxysm of terror.

The cattle, standing all about us, would bellow and bay, toss their horns and paw the ground. Suddenly one made a lunge for the dog, and he ran back under our fallen tree, and the cattle moved in a little closer. Then the dog redoubled his efforts and dashed frantically at the cattle, first in one direction, then in another.

But Old Bull was becoming exhausted, and the cattle were gradually closing in. They acted more like wild beasts than domesticated cattle.

Even Martha was frightened, although she was too brave to cry. The maddened animals would soon toss us on their horns and trample us underfoot. Desperately the dog made his last rush and then dropped back under our tree exhausted.

The cattle were rushing in upon us with loud bellows when a farmer heard the deafening noise and came running toward us. He seized a big club and, calling up his two dogs, drove the cattle back to a safe distance.

Martha and Lois had almost to carry me, for I was prostrated from the fright and the noise.

Old Bull, after a good drink of water, crept under the welcome shade of an old apple tree, and our mothers welcomed us with open arms when they saw our disheveled appearance. —Youth's Companion.

The Useful Volcano.

The scarcity of coal is stimulating the search for other sources of heat and power. Much has been heard of "white coal" or the ingenious use of water power. In Italy they have hit upon another plan which promises to revolutionize the industry of the country. There are several places in Italy where the internal heat of the earth comes so near the surface that it may be tapped. In other words, the volcanoes are being harnessed to supply power. The tests already carried on are reported to have proved very successful and the work will doubtless be greatly extended. The heat thus drawn from the earth is converted into electric energy which is transmitted for great distances and employed to run railroads and operate mills. There is practically an inexhaustible supply of heat or power and it is believed that the pressing coal problem of Italy will eventually be solved. —Rays' Life.

Red Plows for China.

Chinese farmers are becoming more and more interested in American farm tools, and as time goes on a steadily increasing number of such implements will undoubtedly be made in the United States and sent overseas to do their appointed work in the soil of China. Very likely, too, for such is the implied advice of John H. Reisner, dean of the college of agriculture and forestry, University of Nanking—such tools will be painted red and lettered with a Chinese name. The college is studying the Chinese farmer, his practical needs and his customary habits of mind, and it appears that whereas the American farmer's plow is often painted blue, the Chinese farmer likes his plow painted red. Also he prefers to work with a plow bearing a Chinese name rather than any other name, and what is true of a plow is presumably true of other agricultural implements.

To Tell How Much Can Will Hold. Measure the diameter and height of the can in inches. Multiply the diameter by itself and the product by the height. Take one-third of one per cent of the total and this answer will be the number of gallons, correct to one-fifth. For exact result 2 per cent of the total may be added.

BOLD THIEVES IN "MESPO"

Householder of Bazaar Relates Experience Which He Declares Is by No Means Uncommon.

The securing of public safety is only one of many improvements the Irish have made in Mesopotamia but it seems to be the one that has chiefly impressed the public mind. The first person who spoke to me of it was an Oriental teacher of Arabic, Mande Hadford Warren writes to the Saturday Evening Post. We sat in a house in Basra on a cloudy evening, looking out of the window, watching the shadowy forms of passersby.

"You will notice that the Arab houses have black walls facing the street," he told me.

"If the walls are broken by windows these are barred. If there are doors these are small or else secured. Do not think this is done for the sake of keeping the women sheltered or the sun off. It is to keep thieves out."

"One night I was sitting in this house with my friends when a knock came at the door. First I looked out of the window. I saw a number of people on two sides of the house. I went to the door and I said: 'Who is there?' The answer was: 'I am a thief.'"

"I suppose in America if anyone was so lunatic as to say that, you would telephone for the police. But here under the Turks it was wise to let the thieves in. Why not? There were too many of them, and they would have been angry and would have killed some of us in revenge some day. So we let in the man who knocked, and some of his friends came with him."

"They did not make polite greetings, but they took all the people into separate rooms, the women in one, the children in another, and the men in a third. This was because if they had been left together they might have secretly encouraged one another not to tell where money or jewels were hidden."

"All the people in the house were very much afraid, and they told where their hiding places were, but said that they had been robbed only a few weeks previous and they had nothing left."

"The thieves were very angry. 'We must have something,' they said. So they sent for a cart, and they took what furniture and bedding and cooking dishes they wanted, and then went away. They left us our lives, and that was about all."

"You see how quiet these streets are even now, about nine o'clock? That is not entirely because Arabs prefer to go to bed early, though they do not keep late hours. But they have the old habit of not taking risks at night."

Odd Japanese Legends.

There are many delightful legends about old statues of the gods in Japan. In the Hase temple at Kamakura, high on the crest of a hill overlooking the bay, is a great gilded Kwannon of camphor wood—an eleven-faced image of the Goddess of Mercy—which for centuries has hearkened to the prayers of the fishermen. A long time ago, in the dim past when dragons were abroad in the land and gods descended to play with men, some fishermen saw a great light shining out at sea, writes Elsie F. Well in Asia. They sailed in their junk toward the light and found the image and ever since have worshipped at her shrine.

At the same time a similar image of Kwannon, also made of camphor wood, floated in at Yamato and was placed in the Hase-Kwannon, a temple that was the favorite resort of courtiers in the Nara period. It is still today a popular temple for pilgrims, who come in the spring, when the cherries are in full blossom and all the lanterns are lighted to transport themselves back to the days when the gods were young.

The Mango Industry.

The office of foreign seed and plant introduction of the United States Department of Agriculture has assembled, through the work of its explorers and through exchange with the British East Indian Departments of agriculture, one of the largest collections of selected mango varieties in the world. There are now fruiting at the plant introduction field station, Miami, Fla., about twenty varieties this year, and these represent the selections from more than seventy sorts of this great fruit. Some of these have scarcely more fiber than a freestone peach and can be cut open lengthwise and eaten as easily with a spoon as a Rocky Ford cantaloupe. They have an indescribably agreeable aroma reminiscent of pineapples. The mango tree, when it is in bearing, is a gorgeous sight, for it is a large long-lived tree, and the golden-yellow fruits as they hang in great clusters from the dark green foliage make one of the great tropical plant sights of the world. —Indianapolis News.

A Notoriously Lovable Man.

Of a New York yeggman recently murdered a paper naively says: "He had been only four months out of jail; he had served four terms for burglary and truck thievery; his father said his son never came home except to extort money from his family. All the witnesses insist that he had no enemies and none of them can think of any reason why anyone should have tried to kill him."

Good Art.

Good art always consists of two things: First, the observation of fact; secondly, the manifesting of human design and authority in the way that fact is told. Great and good art must unite the two; it cannot exist for a moment but in their unity; it consists of the two as essentially as water consists of oxygen and hydrogen, or marble of lime and carbonic acid. —Ruskin.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HOW

BARRON ISLANDS HAVE MADE OWNERS' FORTUNES.

Situated in the Pacific Ocean, nearly midway between America and Asia, is Nauru, a barren bit of rock only twelve miles in circumference.

Thirty or forty years ago almost anybody could have had it for the asking. Today it is worth untold millions, owing to the belated discovery that the whole island is neither more nor less than a mass of phosphate rock, the most wonderful soil fertilizer known to agriculturists.

In Concepcion Bay, Newfoundland, is Bell Island, sold by its original owner many years ago for \$100. Soon afterwards it changed hands again, for \$2,000,000.

This enormous rise in value was due to the accidental discovery that the island is composed almost entirely of iron ore.

For years previously shipmasters had been in the habit of taking the heavy, easily handled rock for ballast, dumping it overboard with the utmost unconcern when they loaded up with cargo.

Then, one day, a captain, more curious than the others, had the strange looking "rock" assayed, and his fortune was made.

Not very far away, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is Anticosti Island, bought in 1895 from the Dominion government by M. Henry Mealer, the French "chocolate king," for \$25,000, (\$125,000). At the time he was laughed at.

But it proved a good investment for him, nevertheless, for the black brushwood with which the greater part of the island was covered proved to be swarming with black and silver foxes, the most valuable fur bearing animals in the world.

PHRASE CREDITED TO JESTER

How Expression "A Bird in the Hand Is Worth Two in the Bush" Became Current.

Some of the cant phrases that fall most trippingly from the tongue today had origin many centuries ago, and among them is the somewhat obvious statement that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," the Detroit News observes. The start of that remark is credited to a belated jester in the court of roystering King Henry VIII., whose job, if not his life, depended on his impudence, an impudence that must needs combine wit, snub and laughter, and while he was given a wide latitude in his insults to members of the court, he had to take close care not to let his stabs reach the kingly pride of the overly thin skin of whoever happened to be "favorite" at the moment.

Lord Surrey, a bearded dandy of the palace, one time presented the jester with a kingfisher, after he had neatly burbed an enemy of Surrey's with his biting tongue and caustic wit. A few hours later Lord Hamilton, a fellow of Surrey's, set up a great wailing when he discovered the kingfisher, on which he had his own eye, had been given to the court jester. "Odds blood," roared Surrey. "Go get it from the jester, and tell the fool I'll send him another some time soon." But the fool refused to give up his bird, and sent back word that, with all due respect to his lordship, he held that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush.

"How" and "Why?"

The inquiring toddler just old enough to be told the name of things always follows up his question of "How?" with "Why?" And he puzzles a good many of his elders. But after a while he grows used to the fact that his elders will either give him a good reason or stop telling him. He abandons one of the most valuable habits in the world.

The people who ask why have made our discoveries for us, and they are still doing it. Why does the steam lift the teakettle lid? We grew familiar with James Watt in our childhood. Why do we spend so many thousands every year on labor turnover? That question has turned plenty of industrial plants upside down, with the double result of a great saving and an increase in the comfort and happiness of working men and women.

The big thing is that there are just as many whys left to ask as anyone has answered. The big trouble is that the man who asks usually has to dig for his own answer. Just this digging has made many a great reputation.

How She Got Even.

"Mrs. Grabola has engaged a social secretary," remarked Mrs. Gadspar.

"But I got even with her," said Mrs. Twobble.

"How so, my dear?"

"I passed the word around that she hired a social secretary because she doesn't know how to spell." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

How the Trouble Started.

Hub—So you've been to a teacher of physical culture. Well, what did he tell you?

Wife—The first thing he told me was to keep my chin up.

Hub—Huh! I hadn't noticed any falling off in that line.—Boston Transcript.

Raw Vegetable Cure.

The juices of raw vegetables eliminate all kinds of poisons from the blood, and many proofs are now forthcoming of cases of rheumatism, neuritis, consumption, etc., having been completely cured by the raw vegetable diet.

WHY

Whistling May Be Called Sign of Independence.

Whistling is the boy's own music. It is as natural for him to whistle as it is for a bird to sing—although the music is not always as melodious. But whistling, like certain other practices, is restrained in society by unwritten rules of etiquette. It is interesting to view this subject from the standpoint of manners.

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling, if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraging his master generally. A hobbler who commits some breach of the proprieties commonly bursts into a whistle. This is to save his face, meaning no harm; but it signifies "I don't care!" which is just the reverse of the apology needed. At best it shows indifference; at worst, as the dullest feel, insult and provocation.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room. The gentleman brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back.

The exact position of this gentleman to his host is undisclosed. However, Boswell says: "He could not refuse; but to avoid any appearance of servility he whistled as he went out of the room. On my mentioning this afterward to Doctor Johnson, he said it was a nice trait of character."

Boswell grasped with ease the objection, which is unintelligible to some persons.

"The gentleman desired to show his independence." That is always the motive of whistling, when it has any. You very often see a young barbarian survey his fellow passengers and then fall whistling deliberately. But cultured persons and quite common folk in some localities are trained to regard politeness toward strangers as a duty.

BEYOND ENDURANCE OF MAN

Why Temperature of Some Parts of the Tropics Renders Human Life Impossible.

The range of temperature variation of the human body is so small as to be practically negligible in comparison with the wide differences which obtain in nature. In order that life may continue, the temperature of the blood must be essentially the same in the arctic regions as it is at the equator. For cold climates the temperature can be maintained by artificial sources and by clothes which conserve the heat. Life, however, is continued where the temperature of the air is above that of the body. In this case the heat which the body continues to produce is dissipated without important increase of body temperature by evaporation of moisture in the lungs and over the surface of the body. There must, however, be some limiting condition beyond which life will be impossible. According to Popular Mechanics Magazine it has been found that where the temperature of the air exceeds that of the body, there is for each combination of temperature and humidity, a wind velocity above which heat will be added to the living body by contact or convection, more rapidly than it can be removed by evaporation. Under these conditions life cannot continue. As an example it is stated that when the humidity is eight per cent and the air temperature is 122 degrees Fahrenheit, life becomes impossible with a wind velocity of 15 meters (about 40.9 feet) per second, and that this may explain the fatal simoom.

Why Some Dyes Are Dangerous.

Recently, at a meeting of the Medical Society of Vienna, Doctor Sachs demonstrated an excised finger of a woman who had injured it some time ago with a thread of black cotton. Soon after this slight injury the finger became sore, bolls and bullae appeared and ulceration ensued in spite of regular treatment. Necrosis (local death) followed, and the finger had to be removed. Examination by bacteriologists and chemical experts showed that micro-organisms were not the cause of the trouble, but that the chemical dye used in the process of manufacturing the cotton was responsible. The dye is known as "ice black," a coal-tar dye; its poisoning effect was noticed some time ago, and is similar to the evil effects of the dye with which the so-called ink pencil is charged.

Why She Encouraged Him.

"I thought you encouraged me, Dorothy, when I first met you?"

"On what grounds?"

"You seemed glad to have me around."

"Oh, that was when I thought you were in love with Polly." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

How She Reasoned.

"There must be a coolness between Mrs. Gadder and Mrs. Glipping."

"Indeed? What makes you think so?"

"Their telephone conversations seldom last longer than an hour now." —Birmingham Age-Herald.

Why He Took a Policy.

"That fellow didn't have much trouble in selling you a life insurance policy."

"No, I figured I'd better insure in a hurry. I thought he was going to talk me to death." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

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CAPE STILL WORN

Large, Loose Outer Garment Retains Its Popularity.

Nearly Every Woman Possesses Roomy Wrap and Cannot Afford to Throw It Aside.

It is glad news to find that picturesque capes are still fashionable and are likely to remain with us all through the winter.

A few months ago many dress experts insisted that "capas had had their day," and that smart women would not wear them when the autumn leaves began to fall.

Capas have proved too useful and becoming to be lightly cast aside and then, writes a Paris fashion correspondent, another important fact—nearly every woman possesses at least one loose cape in good condition and with present-day prices no one can afford to set aside a good and comfortable garment. In any case, capes are still very fashionable and they are being shown by all the best tailors and dressmakers in Paris.

A Redfern model in wool-backed satin was lined with duvetyne and trimmed with bands of mink. There was a long, gathered cape which fell from under the second band of fur. Between the two bands there was a flat quilling of satin which formed a particularly becoming yoke on the shoulders.

The cape was long and very wide, but both satin and duvetyne were so supple that the folds hung perfectly. The duvetyne lining was plain, the quilled yoke being laid on it and the gathered cape skillfully attached. In Paris they are showing a new make of duvetyne which is specially intended for capes and coat linings. It is very warm but much thinner than the cloth used for wrap coats.

Nothing could be smarter than the mixture of satin and duvetyne, in the same color or in contrasting tints. For



New plaited wrap of rust brown charmeuse and mink, lined with "cape au lait" duvetyne.

ordinary wear a lovely circular wrap may be made of rete de negre satin, lined with thin duvetyne and finished with a big straight collar of brown fox or any other fur; or it would be equally correct to have the duvetyne outside and the satin for lining.

USE BLOTTER HAIR CURLERS

Paper Absorbs Oil and Hair Will Stay Fluffy and Remain in Good Condition.

This time of year many women have great trouble in keeping their hair in curl unless they wash it quite often. Of course, washing the hair often is bad for it as there is a certain amount of oil necessary to keep the hair in good condition. Try this method of curling the hair in damp weather or when it is hot:

Take a sheet of blotting paper and cut it into strips, one inch by two. Straighten an iron hairpin and insert in the paper lengthwise, fold the paper around a hairpin and use it for a curler.

The blotting paper absorbs the oil and the hair will stay quite fluffy for a long time. The curlers should be renewed after they have been used twice. You will find that there is quite a little oil on them and that the paper will not take up any more.

IS FOR CONSERVATIVE WOMEN



This tailored suit with its long, becoming lines is of navy serge, and is one of the American fall fashions which should appeal to conservative women.

HOW MILADY ADJUSTS VEIL

Favorite Arrangement Is to Place It Over Top of Hat; Little Over Brim.

For some reason American women have not been so eager to go back to the habit of wearing veils as have French women. You know during the war veils seemed to be one of the necessities that women seemed to think they could dispense with. It might have been predicted that the American woman who had always had the reputation of wearing her veil rather nicely would have gone back to the veil habit with more enthusiasm. In the meantime veils have been worn with much enthusiasm in France and there is good reason to believe that as autumn weather returns we will wear veils more generally.

There are always some women who do not feel that they have adjusted a veil right unless they have fastened it securely in place by means of invisible hairpins at the back of the hair. However, this is a bit old-fashioned, the present mode demanding a freer arrangement.

A favorite way of arranging the lace veil is to place it over the top of the hat with just a little of the edge appearing over the edge of the brim. The veil is draped on the top of the hat and then sometimes one end hangs down the back while the other is drawn around and draped across the neck in front. This, of course, needs a fairly large hat.

Sometimes on a small hat the veil is arranged loosely so that the edge does not come quite to the tip of the nose and the ends are brought around in front to veil the neck.

Again the large lace veil is sometimes placed simply across the hat, the ends hanging evenly down on either side, falling loosely over the shoulders and terminating about the elbows.

The keynote to the whole thing seems to be that the veil should be placed with seeming freedom, though of course it should be well enough secured to make sure that it does not become disarranged.

LIKE ORIGINAL APRON IDEAS

Patrons of Bazaar Booths Always Attracted by Simple Apparel Dear to the Heart.

As long as the apron is the feminine badge of homely virtues, Modern Priscilla believes that apron booths at bazaars will be foregone conclusions and profitable enterprises. But women with a little "business imagination" will succeed in instilling novelty into an old idea and make it pay larger dividends by real business methods. One committee invested a conservative amount from the club treasury, selected several practical, popular apron styles and bought materials to make up a number of each. This material, cut, stamped, ready for working, they gave out to their friends, who were much more ready to contribute their bit in this way than to "think up" an apron idea themselves.

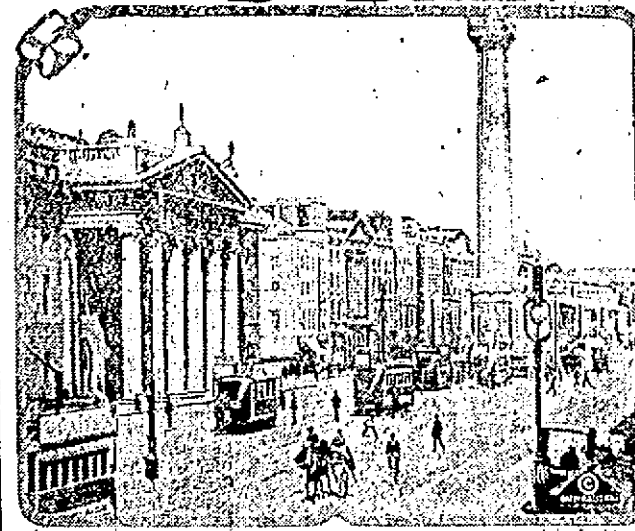
To Make a Strong Edge.

When crocheting an edge around the neck of a gown, or anything of this sort, take a piece of common white twine, double it, hold it on the underside of the garment; work over this into the edge of the goods. The goods will roll over the twine as you proceed and will prevent tearing down. If the twine is heavy, one thickness will be sufficient.

The First Athletes.

The Greeks were among the first to insist on gymnastics as part of the early training of the child. They acted on the principle of "a sound mind in a sound body," and thus the moral training of the young was included in the physical work carried on in the gymnasium.

CULTURED DUBLIN



Sackville Street, Dublin.

IT HAS been said that Dublin has more the character of a continental than an English city; this is true in a way, but it is not the first thing that strikes the visitor from across the Irish sea. The most striking thing about Dublin is that its architecture bears traces of being all of one time, says a writer in the Christian Science Journal. To us who are used to the extraordinary hotchpotch of London, deriving its characteristics of brick and stone from every conceivable century, there is something peculiarly attractive about the street upon street of square Georgian houses. London always seems to be in a state of violent reaction against everything which is called "eighteenth century," so that those parts of London which most resemble Dublin seem most foreign to our conception of London itself. Perhaps it is because it is Georgian that Bloomsbury attracts a particular type of inhabitant, as often as not a cultured foreigner, not to be found in the urbanity of Mayfair, nor in the banality of Maiden Lane. And if you imagine a city where all the streets are like Great Ormond street and the squares like the Bloomsbury squares, you have an honest conception of Dublin.

Nor does the eighteenth century appear in the houses alone; there are those in Dublin who carry on the tradition of old world courtliness which has long become rare enough to be remarkable even in Bloomsbury. It is true that they are few in number even here, but they are sufficient to leave a certain fragrance of other days in drawing room and coffee house.

Clad in Romance. Before getting on board the boat at Holyhead, Great Britain will leave memories of abject Angleness in the traveler's mind, and when the waste of sea reveals ahead of him the first contours of Ireland, the mountains rise up to greet him with a very different face from that of the flat and cheerless little island he has just crossed. They are almost blantly green, so that he must perforce murmur platitudes beneath his breath about the "emerald isle." Dubliners are forever conscious of those mountains near by; they escape to them as often as they can and endow them with a symbolical meaning. The Dublin mountains seem to have got misplaced from the far west; they are that part of primeval Connacht which has set itself at the door of Dublin in order to turn the heart of the Gael west rather than east. In the Dublin mountains there travel to and fro the old vagabonds with whom lingers the memory of a Celtic poetry and from whom Synge and Yeats and the rest have gathered so much local color.

In Dublin itself this old culture lingers alongside of the modern and English industrialism of the Liffey and the quaysides. And in the dirty streets on the north side one can still come across a ballad singer with a little group round him.

Charles Bever, when he was at Trinity college, dressed as a ballad singer and earned 30 shillings in the Dublin streets, and another and even more famous Trinity college student earned a crown every now and then for a street song. This young man was Oliver Goldsmith, whose statue now graces the entrance to the university, than whom no man could be found more typical of the best period of Dublin's prosperity.

The Bohemian Quarter. Today all the varied energies, political, literary, social, are concentrated into a space bounded by Grafton street, Stephen's green, Trinity college railings and Merrion square; within these limits there is scarcely a house that does not conceal some enthusiast. The least interesting are the little shops where enthusiasts seek to turn business into an art; the "Sod of Turf," where you can talk and eat and drink in Gaelic, where the fire is a real turf fire, and the waitress a real Kerry Gael; the "Crock of Gold," where the genius which produced James Stephens' masterpiece is turned to the making of homespun jumpers and the like, so that the streets of somber eighteenth century Dublin may blaze with color that would delight a postimpressionist; then there is the Irish

Turn Purple.

No woman is so color blind that she can't notice a rival turning green with envy.—Cartoons Magazine.

Mental Snobs.

Some men never respect the things they are unable to understand.—Chicago News.

bookshop which, like all the rest, has come into being through a wider enthusiasm than the mere desire to sell books. There is an Arts club of the most respectable type, so respectable, indeed, that the bohemians who do not belong to it will tell you that it has only once had a real artist within its doors and he was expelled at the end of a week.

Stephen's green is the great center of the whole city; here, as he tells us in that most fabulous of histories, "Ave Atque Vale." Mr. George Moore lingered to meet Mr. Yeats on the occasion of their founding the Irish dramatic movement; here live Miss Gonne, the Irish Joan of Arc, and Mrs. John Richard Green, Ireland's historian, and many others of the best loved of Ireland's children. And in these most tragic days of April, 1916, Miss Marcella held Stephen's green with a troop of boy scouts. A story is told which shows the amazing muddle of those days. Some English lady visitors had just looked at the Shelburne hotel and, looking out of the window, they saw some bare-kneed, red-cheeked children digging trenches in the green. "We highly approve of the scout movement," they said. "Let us take them some plates of bread and jam." Judge of their surprise a quarter of an hour later to find them selves prisoners of war in the middle of the green.

AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH

Pole, Without Seemingly Remarkable Muscular Developments, Breaks Record—Performer's Awful Fate.

Visitors to a well-known London music hall some years ago witnessed a remarkable sight.

It was announced that a Pole, named Lett, would perform some amazing feats of strength.

There appeared upon the stage a little man only five feet in height, and weighing about 140 pounds. Not young, either, for he was only three years of forty.

The audience rubbed their eyes. Was this the much advertised strong man? A huge anchor was brought in, and four men clung to it. This burden, weighing no less than 1,500 pounds, was at once lifted by Lett, who thus beat the record lift by no less than 400 pounds.

He then stood between two eight-horsepower cars, to which he attached himself by means of books, which he held in his hands. The cars were started simultaneously, but, by sheer finger-strength, Lett held them so that they could not move, although the engines were working at full power.

This feat of holding two cars may perhaps be taken as pretty well the limit of human strength. That it is a fearfully risky feat is proved by the horrible accident which recently befell the famous strong man known as Apollon.

At Vichy, before a large audience, he essayed a similar feat, his arms being harnessed by chains to two cars which were driven in opposite directions. He accomplished the performance safely, and then, in answer to applause, tried it again. To the horror of the spectators, he was seen to lose his balance. Before the motors could be stopped, all the muscles of the right side of his chest were torn out. He died almost instantly.

The Colors on Santiago Walls.

All Cuban cities offer a motley of tints, but Santiago outdoes them all in the chaotic jumble of pigments. In a single block we found house walls of lavender, sap green, robin's egg blue, maize yellow, sky gray, saffron deep imperial pink, old rose, light pink, yellow ochre, maroon, tan, vermillion and purple. This jumble of colors with never two shades of the same degree, gives the city a kaleidoscopic brilliancy under the tropical sun that is equally entrancing and trying to the eye.—Harry A. Franck in the Century Magazine.

Tobacco Seeds Are Almost Dust.

The seeds of the tobacco plant are so minute that a bushful will furnish enough plants for an acre of ground.

In the famous Tolima tobacco region of the Andes everybody gives distances by means of "tobaccos," or so many smokes of cigars.

Germs!

A cake of yeast consists of live egg-shaped bodies so tiny that 4,000 of them, placed end to end, would measure an inch.

KEEP SUITABLE FARM ACCOUNTS

Farming Is a Profession and Must Be Conducted in a Businesslike Manner

HELPS CREDIT AT THE BANK

Once the Principles of Bookkeeping Are Understood a Simple System Can Be Developed to Meet the Farmer's Needs.

Farmer Jones desired to negotiate a loan at his local bank.

"Just what is your financial condition?" the banker asked him.

"Why," said Jones, "I own a house and land, and a couple of horses and some cows and live stock, and an orchard and—"

"Have you a detailed inventory showing the value of these things?" the banker interrupted him.

"No-o," the farmer replied, "I haven't time to bother keeping books."

"Good gracious, man!" exclaimed the banker, "anyone can keep books. The way the things worked out now—always it doesn't require more than five minutes' work a day. Then when you come here for a loan you could produce a sheet of paper and say, 'Here's what I've got, here's what I owe, and here's what I'd have in cash if I sold out tomorrow.' As it is, I'm afraid I can't let you have the money until I have this information."

This conversation takes place in hundreds of towns every day, according to specialists of the office of farm management and farm economics, United States department of agriculture. Of course farmers are very busy men. They haven't the time to study complicated accounting methods. But, according to the federal specialists, once the principles of bookkeeping are understood and all farm conditions studied, a simple system of bookkeeping can be developed to meet the farmer's needs.

Show Assets and Liabilities. The foundation of any set of books is an inventory showing the farmer's assets and liabilities. The assets include real estate, live stock, machinery

and tools, produce, feed and supplies, cash on hand and in bank, and accounts receivable at the date the inventory is taken. Each item under these headings should be listed separately. Real estate should be valued at what it can be sold for under normal conditions; live stock, feed and farm produce at market prices, less cost of marketing; farm supplies at cost; machinery and tools at a price allowing for annual depreciation. The liabilities should include mortgages, notes and accounts payable. The sum of the liabilities deducted from the total assets will show the farmer's net worth.

Classification of Accounts. While an inventory is generally the first thing a banker asks for when making a loan he also wants to know the sources of income. By going just a little further the farmer can keep records that will enable him to know his profits and losses. This requires a classification of accounts in which certain principles should be followed. The precise classification to be used is determined by the prevailing conditions on the farm in question.

Full details regarding the various phases of farm bookkeeping are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 511, "Farm Bookkeeping," Farmers' Bulletin 572, "A System of Farm Cost Accounting," and Farmers' Bulletin 782, "The Use of a Diary for Farm Accounts." These bulletins can be had upon request of the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.



Farmer's Wife Proves an Able Assistant in Keeping Farm Accounts.

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Muffler for Airplane Engine.

The French airplane service has given its approval to a muffler which is said very effectively to suppress the noise of the engine so that it may pass near without observation.

Original Navel Orange Tree.

The original navel orange tree was brought from Brazil more than forty years ago and is now in a greenhouse of the department of agriculture in Washington.

Death to Him!

The American culture that lives on carrion is immune against all disease germs and is bettered to be instrumental in spreading the bubonic plague.

Mutual Confidence Necessary.

No family ever prospered that indulged in constant bickering. No nation can prosper without mutual confidence and tolerance.—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW TO SELECT BEEF CALF AND RAISE IT

Bulletin Written Especially for Young Farmers.

Desirable and Undesirable Types of Calves Are Discussed and Illustrated—Importance of Changing Its Ration.

For the prodigal who has hastily turned away from growing inferior, unprofitable, and uninteresting live stock the United States Department of Agriculture has prepared a special farmers' bulletin, No. 1135. Under the title "The Beef Calf: Its Growth and Development," this new publication, written principally for young farmers,



A Good Type of Bull Calf.

tells how to select a beef calf and raise it either for market or for use as a breeding animal.

The bulletin is a response to an unusual demand by members of boys' and girls' clubs for specific information on the principles and practices of raising well-bred calves, preparing them for show or sale, and disposing of them to advantage. Desirable and undesirable types of calves are discussed and illustrated.

There are chapters on equipment needed, keeping the calf healthy, feeding, and the importance of changing the ration as the animal develops, also methods of preventing parasites and disease. The bulletin describes clearly how to clip, curl, or otherwise prepare the coat of the various breeds of cattle preparatory to showing them, with additional directions regarding shipping and exhibiting. Persons desiring such information should write to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin 1135.

PLOW LEVEL SOILS IN FALL

Stubborn Soda Are More Surely Exterminated and Moisture Supply Is Greatly Increased.

If all ground was level we might make the assertion that all soils are benefited by fall plowing as there is much to be gained through this practice. Level soils that do not wash are benefited since stubborn sods are more easily exterminated and the moisture supply for the crop the following spring is greatly increased; however, hilly land of that inclined to wash is damaged by being fall plowed. The available plant foods are washed out, gullies are made in the hillside and the fields are subject to weathering during the winter. The fertility of sandy soils or soils that are rolling is best conserved by plowing only in the spring and then as late as possible in order to get the crop out on time.

SUGAR BEET CROP IS LARGE

Bureau of Crop Estimates Puts Total at Nearly Nine Million Tons—Hits Sugar Prices.

According to the bureau of crop estimates the United States will harvest this year nearly 9,000,000 tons of beets or 2,000,000 tons more than the normal crop. Normally in the United States we produce about 17 pounds of beet sugar per capita, whereas this year we shall produce about 21 or 22 pounds of beet sugar per capita. This extra four or five pounds of beet sugar will doubtless have something to do with reducing sugar prices to a more reasonable basis during the next year.

FRESH AIR QUITE IMPORTANT

Chicken House Should Be Provided With Good Ventilating System Without Drafts.

Chickens seem to require more fresh air than do cattle or swine. An authority even says the amount of air breathed by a hen is three times greater than that required by cows or pigs. Give the poultry house plenty of ventilation without drafts; plenty of oxygen without cracks for the wind to enter.

TIME LOST TO MAKE REPAIRS

Farmer Would Not Be Compelled to Stop to Fix Machines if Given Proper Attention.

Man is like a machine. If kept in good working order each day he will seldom have to stop for repairs. More time is lost in making repairs than could possibly be used in taking care of machines in order to prevent the necessity of repairs.

Halfway Measures Don't Pay.

The man who fluctuates with the ups and downs of any enterprise rarely prospers, while the man who gives his whole heart to the proposition and sticks to it year in and year out nearly always scores a success.

